TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

At St. George's church last Sunday night the Rev. Mr. Pitman said a number of very sensible things with regard to a number of vexed questions. It is the habit of the clergymen to endeavor to maintain a warm religious atmosphere by keeping the thermometer of their preaching at a hundred and fifty above zero, while their own practice and that of their congregation runs down to where the thermo-machine quits registering, the mean temperature being that meanest kind of an average made up of much pretence and no product. The sooner preachers understand that their hearers cannot be continually keyed up to concert pitch in their practice, the better harmony will be produced in the community. It is possible for men and women to be very good, particularly if they are born with a tendency that way, and it is also possible for those very good people to be exceedingly small and mean in some things, to be very narrow and selfish in many things, while still continuing to be very, very good in a number of quite large things. Then again there is a probability of a large number of people being very very bad in a number of small things and being really good in a number of very large and important things. Then again it may be said that there are very many very, very good people who are very good sometimes in nearly everything, and then again being within a very few degrees of meanness in nearly everything. We are all aware that there are so many fluctuations of impulse, so many varieties of character, such strange surroundings, so many subtle allurements, and occasionally such overwhelming temptations, that we must speak of good people without believing that they are perfect and bad people without alleging that they are absolutely vile. A distinction to be drawn between two classes which are not separated by any great gulf, but mix gradually until the bright coloring of virtue and the deep hues of vice are blended—a blending which at some points can hardly be distinguished from the brightest and the darkest shades of the best and the worst—must be more of deliberate intention than of spasmodical and constitutional tendency. The general rule of the clergy is to apply religious formulas that certain men who observe certain rules are good men, and that those who disobey the same rules are bad ones. These rules are not numerous. With something of a critical eye let us observe the conduct of those who are good or those who are generally esteemed to be bad. Amongst the few qualifications of a clerical diploma of goodness is a strict observance of Sunday. Those who go out driving on that day, who let their children play and shout in the yard on that day, those who have a few friends in to dinner or gather a little party for music in the evening, are unhesitatingly denounced as bad. Against the community their transgression is not serious, if they have transgressed at all, but they have been guilty of a palpable disregard of church rules, their sin is easily measured, and as the violator of conventionalities their punishment is summary. It is easier for the pastor of a church to exalt himself by jumping upon the Sabbath breaker than it is to go out in the slums and save a soul. We can reprimand a Sabbath breaker every week and be esteemed righteous even if we do not go into the slums and save a soul in a lifetime.

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I am glad Bro. Pitman is not so anxious to be esteemed righteous as to be known as a man who talks good sense. Of course clergymen ought to be considered good. If he is good he will be so esteemed no matter what he says. We need not be in such violent trouble about what people think of us if we are behaving all right. Word will sometimes reach the ear of Mrs. Grundy that she has been slandering people who are better than those who have been exalted. In the meantime if there is good material in us it is entirely a matter of indifference what pin-headed puritans may think or big-mouthed scandal-mongers may relate. We were not put here on this earth to keep the Sabbath. The Master said the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. Every instinct in us tells us it should be a day of rest because we need it. We do not keep it because Moses kept it, we keep it because we have to keep it on economic principles, because in six days we can do more work than we ought to, and, as a rule, much more than we get paid for.

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The good man may keep the Sabbath as the preachers think he should keep it. He may not. He may take a glass of ale as the temperance people think he should not. He may do a great many things that the leaders of our popular movements object to and still be better than they are. The beautiful part of it is, he is to be judged by Somebody who is a heap smarter than they are, by Someone whose salary does not depend upon apparent piety.

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What is dancing? What is theater-going? Efforts to fill our lives with something that seems to be needed. The picture gallery of our mind must be stocked. The music and the motion of the dance, they are lively. They are old as the hills and coeval with the streams and the winds. In psalmistry we hear of the ages and the spheres dancing together, and the "best people" of all ages seem to have danced; whether the sexes danced together or they danced alone is immaterial. Time is placing the sexes on an equality, co-education, competition, the abolition of woman's slavery, everything tends toward the display of the divine plan that men and women should live together as equals, that they may love and be beloved, not as a slave loves a master, but as a woman may love a man and a man may love a woman. The world is tiring of an age when one sex must at the same time enslave and protect the other. Unhappy lives are the outgrowth of this outrageous idea. The weakness which men despise is found in the woman that loving parents have educated in the belief that that weakness will be beloved. In men we find the dangerous and the desperate being beloved because the women have not been taught to discriminate. As the spheres revolve and as the great planets of thought proceed in the orbit of development, there is nothing that so surely proves the rightness of the times as the banishment of fear, as the rule of affection. We write to our friends as Mr So-and-so, otherwise "Master" So-and-so, and to his wife we say "Mistress" and there is no glory in it. The earth now knows no master except the great, and no mistress except genius. Mere strength does not make a master nor does mute beauty create a mistress. I agree with what the reverend gentleman said about the dance. Truly enough in the dance there is a danger, and if I be permitted to say so that danger is nothing to the danger of solitude, to the temptation of a morbid mind, to the loathsomeness of untutored and unwatched and unwatchable vice.

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Of the theater we may say many uncomplimentary things. At the theater many things appear which are objectionable to the eye of decency and degrading to modesty; but shall the theater be denounced because in certain resorts these exhibitions are permitted. To some the practices of the Salvation Army are conducive to anything but piety, yet the Army has rescued many souls from ruin. The incense, the music, the formalism of Romanism, may lead those whose instincts are lofty into lowly grooves, it may teach sensualism to those who might have been spiritual, but it must be remembered that it leads those who are sensual and could not be reached save through their senses, into the presence—the far away presence—of God. As the reverend gentleman, whose sermon is my text, has said, the debasement of taste can be attributed largely to the hostility of the very good. Those who have been too holy to see the mimic show have denounced it as an agency of the devil and thereby given the devil a chance to usurp many of those functions which appeal to the eye and reach the average heart much more readily than it could be reached by any other means. It has been the appeal of the eye and the wickedness of life to those who have denounced it and these denunciations have been largely responsible for making it what it is. The theater, as we all know, must be supported by those who have some money. The class of play must be selected by those who sit in the front seats. The conduct of the actor can be denounced by a hiss and corrected by the denunciation of those who see him, but while we have our preaching done in an unnatural key, we are not taught to correct these evils, but to avoid the theater, thereby leaving it to the Evil One.

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Sending things to the devil, or leaving them to the devil, is played out. If we were to leave sinners—notorious, flagrant sinners—to the devil, or when we see them, verbally send them there, we would have but little influence amongst those who are bad. If we denounce and avoid those amusements which every impulse in the human system impels men towards, we may succeed in controlling to a certain extent a small minority, but the majority having been thus excommunicated and driven into the presence of an excommunicated play or prohibited dance, we leave them to their own damnation. For God's sake let good influences control everything if possible. If they cannot control, let them modify the evil. In the arrogance of spiritual assumption parsons have been sending people to the devil who shall perhaps sit on a higher bench in Heaven than shall be occupied by those who denounced them on earth. It is the rich who ride in carriages, who are pious and powerful enough to make the poor go afoot on Sunday. We should control Sunday labor. The law of the land should prohibit any man working more than six days and should define his hours, but it is tyranny for the minority to say that because they believe in carriages and do not believe in street cars, that the poor should walk on the Lord's day. The pretence that it is the wedge which would introduce other Sunday industries was long ago exploded. In the matter of our street cars the new charter could prohibit and should prohibit the overworking of either man or beast.

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I wish we had many clergymen in Toronto like the Rev. Mr. Pitman. We do not need the sentimentalism, the snobbery of religion. We have enough of that. What is necessary to our purification and progress is the soul of Christianity, the Master's example, the impulse to do right and to be right, a struggle towards goodness and not this contemptible fight to see who can be most pretentious.

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At a dinner given by the president and vice-presidents of the Citizens' Association to their committees on Monday evening at the National Club, Mr. W. R. Brock was invited to accept a nomination for the mayoralty. While Mr. Brock is a prominent Conservative he was assured by the leading Liberals of Toronto that his election would be unopposed, and amidst enthusiasm seldom displayed by a gathering of business men he was urged upon the grounds of patriotism and necessity to accept the office. It was shown to him most conclusively that the necessities of the hour demanded a man whose business qualifications and known integrity would protect him from such criticism as has fallen to the lot of other mayors. Speaker after speaker pointed out that he was the most available man for the place, the man under whom a new set of aldermen could be persuaded to serve. Such eulogy has seldom been offered, such enthusiasm by the same class has been seldom displayed, yet Mr. Brock saw fit to decline the nomination—a nomination which meant election by acclamation—and such power in the mayor's office as has not been given into the hand of any Torontonian in the past. He urged that his business would not permit such a sacrifice and all those around him admitted that his acceptance of the office would have been a sacrifice. Yet when he declined, the disappointment manifested by those who heard his refusal, was singular. It was so marked that it had a meaning. An appeal had been made which had never heretofore been made. Liberal members of Parliament and men who had no personal acquaintance with Mr. Brock had so strongly appealed to him that when he refused it seemed as if fate had decided upon a man and the man insisted upon fighting the gods. Both parties united upon him with enthusiasm. His election was sure, his support in the Council would have been dominant. The men to serve under him had been mentally if not officially selected, yet the great grinding duty of making his business a success prevented Mr. Brock from accepting. He had, as he told us, a duty to his creditors. Who, indeed, are the creditors of a man who could release a great city such as Toronto from the burden of ward politics and the outrage of aldermanic misrule. It was not proposed that he should go in there unassisted or that his prospective action should not be defended before his election. His task would have been a comparatively easy one, yet Mammon, the god we are all so industriously serving, the master whose slaves we all seem to be, exacted a refusal. I am sorry. Every man in that room was sincerely sorry. I never saw anything like it, and the men who heard his refusal seemed to take it as a personal matter, the ending of an attempt to procure proper government in Toronto. They had mentally united upon him and he had refused them. Upon him rests a greater responsibility than the management of his business. Upon him rests the responsibility of refusing to be his brother's keeper in a time of need. If a man's popularity means anything, if his goodness and straightforwardness and integrity are to me in such a shape that, admitting as I certainly do, Mr. Brock's truthfulness, I cannot but still believe that there is something in the story. It might have meant much outside of any official notification, or in fact any communication at all, with Mr. Brock, who is accounted honorable. It is one of those things which occur in politics which those of us who do not admire the peculiarities of our system must submit to. I am sorry. It is bad politics, in the first place, for the Conservative party. It would be bad politics for anybody except those who have a nominative position in view. I do not wonder that a man would rather be a senator than mayor, because a senatorship lasts as long as a man lives and the mayoralty only for the period for which he is elected. A senatorship is a doubtful honor; at present the mayoralty cannot even be credited so highly. I do not object to the mayor receiving another sum of four thousand dollars, but I do object to any Ottawa interference. The railway committee of the privy council has had too much to do with our affairs to make either happy or pleasant any suggestion of Ottawa ruling. The idea that we are to be ruled in a civic capacity by those who sit in the capital of the Dominion is truly odious to Torontonians whose stake is in this city even if their patriotism extends to the whole Dominion. This whole business is a poor miserable episode in our politics. God forgive us for standing so much—no, God forgive us for doing so little. Of course all of Mayor Clarke's friends knowing his necessities, will be glad to see him the recipient of the salary for another year, yet those who believe in him as a political possibility, who imagine that he may take a considerable place in the Dominion, regret to observe his hunger for salary, because we are well aware that such an appetite is not consistent with a resolve to do his duty no matter how or when the avalanche may come.

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With regard to the Conservative party, it is not good policy, for they have enough to account for in the misrepresentation of this city in the past, and the burden that has been placed upon the city by them and the tendency to treat us as if we were bondsmen of the administration. This city is composed of men who are not serving any administration but desire to build up a community which has special interests, which should receive special attention. A city so secure in its advantages, so phenomenal in its growth, that any administration should regard it, that any patriotic impulse that may remain in politics should favor its continuance—that it should be held as a vassal and a mere accessory of the government, is unspeakably objectionable. That there has been interference in the management of our concerns has long been held as a grievance, that these interferences should reach the point they have, is intolerable. Everything has been left to government engineers and railway committee decisions. We have always got the worst of it. No plaint has been heard from our representatives because they are tools of the administration. We have suffered and worshipped at the same shrine, we have begged favors from the hand which has been covered with the kisses of our adoration and given us our hardest blows. The position has become absurd. Its absurdity will force itself upon the voter. We have been trifled with too long. At this period of our progress, at this crisis in our growth, nothing could have been more disastrous than the refusal of the favorite Conservative to head a movement for the reconstruction of our city and the remodelling of our departments. That we are forced to believe that Sir John in order to repay what may be considered the perfidy of an Orangeman and the faithfulness of a supporter has had anything to do with it, is not an agreeable morsel for the stomach of Conservatives, nor does it promote that movement which has been gradually going on whereby independent men have been gathering to the defence of what purported to be a patriotic administration of Dominion affairs.

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When the presidency of the Citizens' Association appears to be meaningless the association itself had best drop out of the contest. It will be an expensive path toward reform, it will be a path that we are blazing through the woods for the advantage of opponents, it will be the woeful ending of all those who have held office in Toronto, it will be a path which will mean bitterness to many, yet it is the chosen path of those who are in control that another year of misrule must follow 1890; that financial mismanagement, the advertisement of the poverty of our resources, that public comment and personal virulence shall paint Toronto as being without credit, shall be the price of a senatorship and the maintenance of an office hunter. So let it be. Toronto is too great to be ruined, too energetic to be left, and the fact that our business men have not among them spunk enough to save us from a calamity may be a deterriment but it cannot be an overwhelming calamity.

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A Chicago parson preached recently on municipal government and remarked that, "Glasgow is the best governed city of the Anglo-Saxon world unless, indeed, Toronto is her rival." What preachers don't know about governing cities would make a big book. Toronto has the reputation of being an exceedingly moral city, and because of this the preacher considered her well governed, though it is not quite clear that because we have no street cars or whisky selling on Sunday that we are anywhere near perfection. Glasgow on the other hand can be of use to his Maker and his country, it is at a time such as the present, and the man who refuses to make the sacrifice refuses a task which the gods meant him to undertake, or else his popularity and all things connected therewith are meaningless.

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I would not be properly chronicling the events of the week were I to omit the statement that politics are alleged to have had something to do with Mr. Brock's attitude. We all know that no more faithful Conservative exists in Toronto than W. R. Brock. His fidelity and his worth combined have made him one of the most central figures, if not the most central figure, of Conservative politics. So generally has this been acknowledged that he is looked for as our next senator, an appointment which may mean very much or very little. In his case it will mean very much, as he will be without doubt received as the most popular senator appointed in this province. I do not believe in an appointive senate, not that the men are generally unworthy, but that the appointment is frequently used for an improper purpose. If rumor speaks truly, a voice from the throne, which means the well-known accents of Sir John, has whispered in the ear of the faithful that Mayor Clarke should have another term; that it was a proper recompense for his faithful service in opposing Equal Rights at the Pavilion meeting and necessary to prospective political preferment, that he must be kept before the public until he could be elected for one of the Torontos, and that the prospective senatorship had much to do with implicit obedience to this mandate. By misadventure I have been in politics all my life, but I never knew so unfortunate an episode to occur before. I admit that I asked Mr. Brock as to the truthfulness of the rumor, and that he denied it with all his might, yet it came to

STUDYING GRACES.

said to be well governed insomuch as the public functions are well performed, even though it is the drunkenest and to my mind, the wickedest city in the United Kingdom. Toronto and Glasgow make a queer pair. DON.

Copies of the Christmas Number of SATURDAY NIGHT will be forwarded postpaid to any address received by the Sheppard Publishing Company, enclosed in a pasteboard tube, price 50 cents. Send in your address at once as the supply is almost exhausted.

Social and Personal.

The wedding of Mr. Thomas Tait and Miss Emily St. Aubert Cockburn, only daughter of Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, M.P. for Center Toronto, which took place in St. James' on Wednesday was a most brilliant one. The bride was attended by Misses Hodgins, Wilkie, Small and Tait, while Masters Adrian Law and Eric Kirkpatrick acted as pages, and Messrs. Percy Hodgins, Kenneth Cameron, Edmund Jones, T. D. Evans and Harvey Mickle officiated as ushers. The impressive marriage ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Toronto, assisted by Canon DuMoulin.

The following were the invited guests: From Montreal—Sir Donald and Lady Smith, Sir George and Lady Stephen, Sir Joseph and Lady Hickson Hon. J. J. C., Mrs. and the Misses Abbott, Bishop of Montreal, Justice and Mrs. Wurtele, Justice and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Angus, Mr. and Mrs. VanHorne, Mr. and Mrs. Molson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Molson, and Mrs. Shaughnessy, Mr. and Mrs. Peterson, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Bethune, Mr. and Mrs. Innes, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Girouard, Mr. and Mrs. Osmer, Col. and Mrs. Bond, Col. and Mrs. Bethune, and Mrs. Hutchins, Mr. and Mrs. William Cassils, Mr. and Mrs. Hutton, Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Wainwright, Mr. and Mrs. James Stephenson, Mr. and Mrs. Mc. Nicoll, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. George Olds, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Ross say, Mr. and Mrs. Wenham, Mr. and Mrs. Wanklyn, Dr. and Mrs. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Richard White, Mr. W. White, Mr. R. S. White, Mr. C. Godfrey, Mr. and Mrs. John Cassils. Toronto guests—Mr. and Mrs. D. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. D. Arthur, Mrs. and Miss Allan, Mrs. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ballantyne and Mrs. Body, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. Bristol, Rev. H. G. Baldwin, Mrs. Benson, Mrs. and the Misses Boulton, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Brough, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. and the Misses Beatty, Mr. Becher, Mr. and Mrs. Baines, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, the Misses Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Bunting, Prof. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. A. Baines, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Mr. and Mrs. Boswell, Mr. and Mrs. Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. Brouse, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, Miss Cockburn, Mr. Kenneth Cameron, Sir Adolphe and Lady Caron, Mr. and Mrs. Cumberland, Dr. and Mrs. Covernton, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cawthra and the Misses Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, Sir Alexander and Lady Campbell and Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cassels, Miss Crooks, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, Sir Richard and Lady Cartwright, Mr. and Mrs. Hector Cameron, Mr. C. C. Cottrell, Hon. and Mrs. Dewdney, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Dixon and the Misses Dixon, Mr. Casimir Dickson, Lt.-Col. F. C. and Mrs. Denison, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. George T. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. and the Misses Drayton, Miss Dupont and Miss Amy Dupont, Mr. and Mrs. Delamere, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar and the Misses Edgar, Mr. J. F. Edgar, Mr. and Mrs. John Foy, Mrs. A. Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller and the Misses Fuller, Dr. and Mrs. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Fleming, Justice and Mrs. Ferguson, the Misses Ferguson, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Judge and Mrs. Finkle, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Girouard, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gwynne, Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Grasett, Mr. Gibson, Mrs. Grantham, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grasett, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Gibb, Capt. and Mrs. Forsythe Grant, Sir W. P. Howland, Mr. O.A. Howland, Mr. and Mrs. Hall of Sherbrooke, Mrs. and Miss Hoskins, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Heintzberg, Mr. and Mrs. Edin Heward, Mr. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Hagarty and Miss Hagarty, Mr. J. P. Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Mr. Charles Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. Harman, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgins and Miss Hodgins, Dr. and Mrs. J. George Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. John Hoskin, Mr. James Inces, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Jamison, Mr. Gordon Jones, Mr. Frank Joseph, Mrs. Jarvis, Dr. and Mrs. Ogden Jones, Mr. Frank Jones, Prof. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. S. Jarvis, Mr. Chas. C. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Jubb, Miss Jubb, Mr. W. W. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Kingsmill, Hon. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Langmuir, Mrs. Law, Mr. and Mrs. Langton, Mr. Alex. Leslie, Sir John and Lady Macdonald, Justice and Mrs. MacMahon, Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch, Mr. Darcy MacMahon, Hon. Alex. and Mrs. Mackenzie, the Misses McCutcheon, Mr. and Mrs. Mc. Murrich, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklin, Capt. and Mrs. McDougall, Mr. and Mrs. C. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, Mr. Angus McMurchy, Mr. D. J. McMurchy, the Misses McLean, Justice and Mrs. Maclennan, Sir David and Lady Macpherson, Mrs. and Miss McKenzie, Mr. and Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy and Miss McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. McMurrey, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Moss, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mulock, Mr. John Maitland, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Manning, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Meredith, Mr. J. H. Moss, Miss L. Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. S. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. A. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. W. Nesbitt, Dr. and Mrs. Nattress, Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien, Justice and Mrs. Osler and the Misses Osler, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Otter, the Misses Otter, Dr. and Mrs. Charles O'Reilly, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Price, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Payne, Dr. and Mrs. Riordan, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Ryerson, the Misses Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Smith and the Misses Smith, Mr. and Mrs. John Small, the Misses Sullivan, Dr. and Mrs. Snelling, Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. Skae, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Bishop and Mrs. Swanson, Mrs. and Miss Strachan, Mr. and Mrs. Spragge, Mr. J. G. Shewan, Mr. and Mrs. Berkeley Smith, Prof. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. W. Strathy, Hon. and Mrs. Frank Smith and the Misses Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Thorburn, Miss Thorburn, the Misses Todd, Mr. Tilley, Mr. and Mrs. Vickers and the Misses Vickers, Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Wragge and the Misses Wragge, Mr. Wilkie and the Misses Wilkie, Mr. and Mrs. E. Ward, Hon. Adam and Mrs. Wilson, Sir Daniel and Miss Wilson, Hon. R. M. and Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Wallis, Mrs. Winn, Mr. J. G. Wilson, Rev. H. J. Winterbourne, Mr. and Mrs. F. Wyld, Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker and the Misses Yarker, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Young.

The handsome bridal gown was of satin and brocade. The pet ticonat was of white satin with train and bodice of rich brocade. The trimming was of rare *point de vise*, the sleeves being covered with the filmy fabric. The veil was also of *point de vise*, the same which the bride's mother wore on her wedding day. It was surmounted by a diamond tiara, and caught with a marguerite of fine diamonds. Other ornaments worn were a pendant and bracelet of the same gems rare in size, purity and brilliance. The bridesmaids were garbed in white surah with trimmings of silver, and wore white surah hats with garniture of white feathers and silver. The two small pages, who were universally admired, were in white velvet suits with red silk stockings and shirts and low shoes ornamented with quaint silver buckles. Each small cavalier wore a pearl-set pin in his lace collar—the groom's gift, and white plumed beaver hats in Louis Quatorze style. Mrs. Cockburn's gown was great silk, with gold and silk embroidery, the bonnet being *en suite*. Mrs. Zane, grandmother of the bride, was in black silk with trimmings and sleeves of embroidered passementerie. Mrs. Tait of Montreal, the groom's mother, wore a blue and silver brocade, with bonnet to match. Lady Macpherson's gown was of amethyst velvet, with crepe du chene and gold passementerie; bonnet of black and gold. Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, turquoise crepe du chene, with ornamentation of brown velvet and passementerie of gold, silver and turquoise, bonnet *en suite*. Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Kingston was in dark blue velvet with trimmings of pointe d'alencon and bonnet to match. Miss Campbell, brown cloth and gold, brown and gold hat; Mrs. Sweny, dark blue cloth braided in black; Mrs. Nordheimer, smoke blue cloth with black embroidery and black and gold bonnet; Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, dark green and gold, embroidered in gold, black hat with gold trimming; Miss Kirkpatrick of Kingston, heliotrope gown and bonnet to match; Miss Arthurs, pale gray and white silk with silver trimmings, hat of gray with feathers; Miss Beardmore, white with sleeve embellishments of gold brocade; Mrs. Kerr, brown cloth with gold trimming and bonnet to match; Mrs. Cameron, brocade with gold and dark green velvet sleeves, bonnet to match; Mrs. Alfred Cameron, heliotrope cloth with yellow surah trimmings and an edge of otter, bonnet to match; Mrs. Bristol, brown cloth gown with yoke and sleeves of gold; Mrs. Armour, black with pale blue sleeves under jetted tulle; Mrs. O'Reilly, sage green with passementerie; Lady Gzowski, terra cotta and black silk gown; Mrs. Gzowski, dark red and black gown with jetted ornamentation, bonnet to match; Mrs. Langmuir, dark red cloth embroidered in black.

After the ceremony the bridal party and guests left the Cathedral, with its wealth of flower decorations and triumphant music, and amid a congratulatory peal of bells, drove to the Sherbourne street residence of the bride's father. There the newly-wedded pair received the good wishes tendered so earnestly, while around them flowers bloomed and smilax twined, and the many gifts of kind friends lay in elegant profusion. After the reception Mr. and Mrs. Tait began their wedding journey to New York. The bride's traveling gown was of dark red cloth with gold passementerie and toque *en suite*. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Tait will take up housekeeping on North street.

Mr. and Mrs. Molson of Belmont Hall, Montreal, are guests at Chestnut Park.

Cards are out for a ball to be given by Mrs. H. Keble Merritt of Simcoe street, on December 30.

Mrs. Sweny of Bloor street has issued invitations for a ball on December 31.

Mrs. Nordheimer has returned to Glenedyth after a lengthened stay abroad. Much of the time was spent in Germany.

A large dinner party was given on Tuesday evening at the New Fort by Lieut.-Col. Otter and the officers of the Royal School of Infantry. The guests were Hon. G. W. Allan, Hon. J. B. Robinson, Mr. Justice Falconbridge, Dr. Clark, president St. Andrew's Society, Mr. William Hendrie, president Ontario Jockey Club, Mr. Boswell, commodore Royal Canadian Yacht Club, Dr. Smith, president Toronto Hunt Club, Mr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. A. M. Cosby, Lieut.-Col. Gillmor, Mr. E. B. Osler, Mr. Barlow Cumberland, Mr. G. W. Yarker, Mr. J. W. Langmuir, Dr. Spragge, Mr. T. C. Patteson, Mr. S. Nordheimer, Dr. O'Reilly, Mr. G. W. Torrance, Mr. Bruce Harman, Mr. George Kennedy, Mr. James Carruthers.

Hon. Daniel Mills of London was in town this week.

Judge Tait, Mrs. Tait and the Misses Tait of Montreal were in Toronto this week for the wedding of Mr. Tait and Miss Cockburn.

Mrs. Clemow of Ottawa is a guest at Atherley, the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fitch.

Mrs. W. Mortimer Clark entertained a number of friends at afternoon tea on Friday.

Among those present at Mrs. Wyld's delightful At Home on Thursday of last week were: Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Dwight, Mrs. H. Greene, Mrs. Thurston, Mrs. James Crowther, Mrs. W. Crowther, Mrs. Grasett, Mrs. and Miss Hoskins, the Misses Beatty, Mrs. H. Keble Merritt, Mrs. G. Ryerson, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Cawthra Murray. Mrs. Wyld wore a brown costume and Mrs. Macdonell was in pale blue.

Mrs. Burns of College street welcomed a large number of friends to an At Home on Saturday last. Those were present: Mrs. Aikens, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Ogden Jones, Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Mrs. George Ryerson, Mrs. William Crowther, Mrs. J. Crowther, Mrs. Boultbee, Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Granthum, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. A. Robertson, the Misses Proudfoot.

Mrs. Fuller of College street gave afternoon tea to her friends this week.

Mrs. George Ryerson gave a large At Home on Tuesday afternoon. Amongst others who were present were: Mrs. Charles Ryerson, Mrs. and Miss Burns, Miss Shauklin, the Misses Arthurs, Miss Skae, Mrs. Dawson, Miss Crooks, Mrs. J. Crowther, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. Arthur Boswell, Mrs. Mackenzie, Mrs. Merritt, Mrs. Scarth, Mrs. Alexander Cameron, Mrs. William Crother, Mrs. Drayton, Mrs. Kay, Mrs. Cawthra Murray, Miss Crowther, Mrs. Blaikie, Mrs. C. Langmuir, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Foy, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Sweatman, Mrs. Todd, Mrs. Thorburn, Mrs. Riordan, Miss Lee, Mrs. Aikins, Mrs. C. Baines.

Cards are out for a dance at Government House on December 17.

The Charity Ball on Thursday night was an overwhelming success. I will give full particulars of it next week.

Mrs. Alexander Cameron entertained a number of friends at dinner on Thursday evening.

Mr. Thomas Tait was banquetted on Monday evening, on the occasion of his approaching marriage. Besides the happily-expressed words of esteem and good-fellowship, Mr. Tait was made the recipient of a valuable and elegant service of silver. Speeches were made and congratulations tendered to the guest of the evening in words of warmest esteem and heartiest wishes for happiness.

The residence of Mr. James Phymister of St. Antoine, Montreal, was the scene of an interesting event, on Wednesday, December 3, the occasion being the marriage of Miss Louie Phymister to Dr. Geo. Acheson of this city. The bride who was attired in white silk was attended by her sisters, Miss Phymister and Miss Isabel Phymister, also by Miss E. Welsh, while the groom was supported by his cousin, Mr. Alex. Acheson of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John MacGillivray, B.D., of Cote St. Antoine, assisted by Rev. Robt. Acheson of Stamford, Ont., father of the groom. The many guests were composed entirely of the relatives and intimate friends of the contracting parties.

On Wednesday evening about sixty of the members of the class of 92, University College, assembled at Harry Webb's to participate in their second annual class dinner. The occasion was as jovial as a combination of delicious viands and merry college boys could make it. The post-prandial oratory was characteristic and entertaining. The following toasts were proposed and responded to by the gentlemen whose names are affixed: The Queen, Mr. J. H. Lamont; Canada, Messrs. J. McLennan and J. F. Evans; *Alma Mater*, Messrs. George McCraney and Perrin; The Graduates, Messrs. J. H. Tennant and J. B. Peat; Sister Years, Messrs. J. A. Cooper, Hardie, Edwards and Gregory; The Press, Messrs. R. Knox, P. McArthur, Charles Smith and Alex. Smith; Our Athletics, Messrs. Pete White, Casey Wood, Hooper and McQuarrie; The Ladies, Messrs. John McCrae and J. W. Graham; Ourselves, Messrs. E. J. Haughton and W. M. Govenlock.

A felicitous event was celebrated on Thursday of last week at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart of Newnham, Haliburton, when Mr. Antoine Mathieu, cashier in the French department of the Bank of England, London, joined the benedicts and took for his future partner Miss Constance Stewart, second daughter of Mrs. C. R. Stewart. The wedding took place in the drawing-room at Newnham, and was performed by Rev. P. J. Mahony of Bracebridge, only the friends of the bride and groom being present. The bridesmaids were Miss Arabella Stewart and little Miss Genevive Galbraith. The bride wore a light traveling gown with beaver hat and feathers, and the bridesmaids fish net gowns in pale blue and silver ornaments. Mr. Briggs officiated as groomsman. Many handsome gifts were made the newly-wedded pair, who left the next morning for New York to spend their honeymoon.

At a recent meeting of the friends of Mr. J. Fraser Bryce, a silver tea and coffee service was presented to him on the occasion of his joining the benedicts, and on the tray were engraved the following names: James Harris, Dave Barclay, Fred W. Mossop, A. McKenzie, John A. Taylor, T. J. Clarke, W. J. Beck, Henry D. P. Armstrong, B. Andersen, D. Macpherson, T. J. McIntyre, E. Sullivan, Alec Wilkie, G. Bell, E. E. Sheppard, chairman.

The third annual ball of the Italian benevolent society, Humbert the First, will take place in Victoria Hall on December 17.

The students of the Women's Medical College held their first open meeting at the college on Sumach street last Saturday.

The mission helpers of the Church of the Ascension held their annual At Home on Thursday of last week.

The conductors of Toronto Division, No. 17, give a ball in Webb's parlors on Tuesday, December 30.

The Sunnyside Boating Company give their first annual assembly at the Club House, on January 8.

A correspondent sends the following: The London Hunt Club held its second annual ball, on Friday evening, November 28, and it was a complete success in every respect. The City Hall was the scene of the fete and in many years this spacious room has not witnessed a more brilliant assembly. The flag decorations were very extensive and artistic. Music never gave more perfect time and rhythm to dancing feet than that furnished on the occasion by Corlett's incomparable orchestra. Waltz, galop and lancers were each and all happily selected and rendered in the most satisfactory manner. The red coats of the Huntsmen and the handsome uniforms of the officers of D Company blended harmoniously with the beautiful gowns of the ladies and the kaleidoscope effect as viewed from the gallery was one of richness and brilliancy. Among the guests were many from Hamilton and Woodstock. The managing committee deserve unqualified praise for the perfection of their arrangements for the comfort and entertainment of all present. Some of the handsomest dresses were worn by the following ladies: Mrs. John Labatt, in gold satin, trimmed with black lace; Mrs. Smallman, black velvet and diamonds; Mrs. Niven, black satin with jet trimmings; Mrs. E. B. Smith, white moire, trimmed with embroidered crepe; Mrs. H. E. Gates, black tulle with white chenille crescents; Mrs. McDaaig of Woodstock, gold colored crepe de chene; Mrs. S. B. Fuller of Woodstock, blue crepe de chene with silver passementerie; Miss Constance Meredith, cream cashmere with beaded tulle; Miss Hobson of Hamilton, cream satin brocade with silver; Miss Turner of Hamilton, amber satin with jet trimmings; Miss Ethel Hutchinson, yellow china silk with chrysanthemums; Miss Clara Osler of Toronto, black tulle; Miss Annie Hendrie of Hamilton, an artistic gown of blue and core colored satin; Miss Scatcherd, white china silk; Miss Walker of Hamilton, yellow faille with crepe de chene trimmings; Miss Sadlier of Hamilton, red tulle with corsage decorations of gold passementerie; Miss Graydon, cream crepe with cream surah.

Copies of the Christmas Number of SATURDAY NIGHT will be forwarded postpaid to any address received by the Sheppard Publishing Company, enclosed in a pasteboard tube, price 50 cents. Send in your address at once as the supply is almost exhausted.

Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

On Friday evening of last week about forty members of the Hamilton Football Club were welcomed to the Holmstead by Mr. William Hendrie to a *recherche* supper given in honor of the team that conquered all its opponents during the fall of 1890. It is needless to say that the boys had a right royal time. After supper the different toasts were proposed and responded to with much vim. Songs were sung by Messrs. Jack MacDonald, Leggatt, Gates, Stewart, Dever, Saunders and John Crerar, Q. C. Mr. MacDonald's playing of the banjo brought forth storms of applause. Also his negro melodies. Messrs. James Hendrie, J. W. Nesbitt, Q. C., and Capt. Hendrie's speeches were capital. It was very nearly daylight when this jolly company broke up, giving deafening cheers for their worthy host. The championship cup was on the table which was, by the way, most artistically arranged in yellow and black, the colors of the club.

Miss Walker of St. Catharines is the guest of Mrs. Fred Walker, Bay street south.

Ald. and Mrs. Copp left this week for a two months' trip to England.

Miss Dyment of Barrie is the guest of Miss Bell of Hannah street.

On Tuesday evening the Hamilton Philharmonic gave a very successful performance of Naaman: Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Fenwick, sopranos, Mrs. Frank Mackelcan and Miss Mann, contraltos, Mr. Bernard, bass, of Chicago, Mr. Denniston of New York, tenor, Prof J. E. P. Aldous, leader. It was given in the Centenary church, which was well filled, and the oratorio was much enjoyed by all the listeners. After the performance Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Greene gave a delightful supper party for the performers at their residence on Hughson street.

Mr. Reginald Thomas of the Bank of British North America, Quebec, was in town for a few days this week.

Last Saturday evening a meeting was called at 'Lovering's to consider the subject of a bachelors' ball and elect a committee for that purpose. Everything proved satisfactory, and in all probability the 9 h of January will be the date and the Grand Opera House the place for the ball. With the following gentlemen in their different offices everything will be in perfect order: Mr. R. R. Bruce, secretary, Mr. Jas. W. Hendrie, treasurer, Messrs. Gates, Burns, Dewar, Labatt, Maitland Young, jr., Alex. Harvey, R. S. Martin, J. D. Gansby, R. Hobson, Wm. Hendrie, jr., stewards.

Mrs. Brough of Toronto and Miss Phipps of Winnipeg are the guests of Dean and Mrs. Geddes.

Mr. A. Burton left for England on Monday morning where he will reside in future.

Mr. H. Foster is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lucas of Duke street.

At the Grand Opera House on the 15th and 16th the Hamilton College of Music will give two grand concerts under the directorship of Prof. D. J. O'Brien, over one hundred pupils taking part.

I expect to give a full account of the junior bachelor's hop next week.

Mrs. Hunt of London is the guest of Mrs. James Turner of Highfield. SYLVIA.

BARRIE.

On Thursday of last week a very enjoyable evening was given by Mrs. G. J. Mason for her niece, Miss Cecy Morrison of Toronto, who is spending a few weeks at Hair Hall. About twenty participated in the galeties of this little event. Dancing being the favorite feature of the evening it was indulged in for several hours.

The Bachelors of Barrie have decided to give their annual ball in the early part of January, it has always on previous years been quite the event of the season. The efforts of the gentlemen who are always so energetic on these occasions, have met with so much success, that this ball is anticipated with pleasure.

Inglenook was the scene of a pleasant little gathering on Friday, December 5, Mrs. J. H. McKeggie having invited some friends to meet her guest, Miss Lampman of Ottawa. The time passed in such a pleasant manner that it was not until the small hours that adieus were said.

Miss Turner of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. David.

Miss Watson of Hamilton who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. H. H. Morris, returned home last week.

Miss Symonds of Toronto is the guest of her sister, Miss A. Symonds and Miss Eva Patteson. OCULAIRE.

Grand Opera House.

Josephine will be played at this house by Mlle. Rhea and her company all next week, with Wednesday and Saturday matinees. All the properties and accessories used in the largest metropolitan productions will be brought into requisition here. The following ladies and gentlemen constitute Mlle. Rhea's company, which is the strongest this favorite artiste has ever carried: William Harris, J. H. Francour, Lauren Rose, Henry Napier, E. Dunbar, E. L. Amory, Chyler Hastings (a resident of Toronto, well known in social and legal circles here), Isabelle Annesley, Una Abell, Lillian Lawrence, Ida Beauchamp, and Ada Currie, together with others of equal prominence, consisting in all of eighteen acting people.

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Boudoir Gossip.

THIS morning's post brought me a letter, a long welcome letter. It was not an arrangement of studied sentences, but a dear, chatty, warm-hearted missive—its very words breathing the generosity, impulse and soul-nobility of the girl who wrote it. I laughed over her plaintive little question: "Do you know what it is to cook and sweep and iron, Clip—everything in fact but hang over the wash-tub?"

I see much honest effort behind that admission. I know all about it, dear friend, and I know too that you take up a burden that is distasteful, longing the while to ramble in the woods or finger beloved books.

Further on the indomitable spirit peeps out. She writes half-meritly: "I make my own gowns, trim my own hats, and try to grin while wearing them." It is your brave heart that brings the smile. I honor you for it.

•

One morning this week three gay girls called on me. The first few moments of their stay were occupied in the relation of the "dangers" they "had passed" to reach the office. Then they chatted of friends and finally one said she was going to be photographed and could I recommend a hair-dresser. We four discussed the merits of the ladies' barbers, while the subject for the camera's inspection asked question after question. Did we think he was the best? We'd have our hair dressed professionally, if we were going to be photographed, wouldn't we?

All three of us were unanimous in the affirmative, and then the interested girl upset our gravity by asking in a deprecatory tone if we really thought he could "make something out of nothing."

The "something" was the elaborate coiffure of the future, the "nothing" was a very irrelevant term used to designate a dear little knob of black hair.

"Photographers ought to have hair-dressers on their premises," was an important decision. It would hardly pay, I think, and yet he would probably get a good deal of custom. There is just one fact in disfavor of the project. A coiffure which is startlingly new or fastidiously correct may be beautiful. It may help to form a most attractive picture, but it may also detract from the likeness, which we should, above all else, strive for.

As to photographs, I have a grievance. Cameras are embarrassing. Embarrassment does not produce a pleasing facial expression. A conscious, rather questioning do-you-think-my-chin-is-high-enough look upon a photographed face is not calculated to improve the temper of the original, when real eyes happen to fall on a portrait where they have all the expression of a tin-headed carpet tack, and the mouth might be cut out of nickel from the Sudbury mines.

•

A few days ago I had a long talk with a girl who is ambitious for her future. She wants to be self-supporting, and she has a chance to be. I urged her to take the way opened before her and she startled me by saying dejectedly "I cannot bear to do a thing unless I think it worth doing and perfect when finished."

That is wrong. We harm ourselves, lessen our chances and feed our pride by holding aloof from little things which we might do well. It is wise to aim high in any calling, to desire to excel in any performance of duty, but the earnest effort which misses the high mark should not be discouraged. Let us work in the present, hope for the future, and learn from the past.

•

Dora, Ottawa, writes a kind little letter, with a message for Jacob. She says: "Will you ask Jacob if he has seen this thought in Matthew Arnold's poems:

"'Each on his own strict line we move,
And some find death ere they find love;
So far apart their lives are thrown,
From that twin soul that halves their own."

Dora has evidently been reading Jacob's defence of the old maids who jerked the street car bells, and wishes to teach us all that "unappropriated blessings" are often wisely waiting to be drifted alongside the "twin soul that halves their own."

What do you think about it, friends? Marguerite, Maiden in Brown, Jacob, Jane, and the rest of you? Do you believe in twin souls? I wonder if Ikey Slosh does?

The latest thing in bridal bouquets is a cluster of white azaleas, over which is drawn a loose veil of silk illusion.

The new pocket-books are quite large and square in shape. This is indeed a fortunate departure, for a poor lone woman with one pocket can make the purse do duty as a card case, and, too, a notebook.

New jackets reach nearly to the knees.

Linen collars and cuffs are worn with all the cloth costumes. It is well they are, for nothing is so distinctively a refining element in costume details as the bit of irreproachable linen at throat and wrist.

Black undressed kid slippers are oftentimes worn in the evening. They are ornamented with quaintly-fashioned buckles of old silver, and accompany fine black silk hose.

In the season's jewelry the ingenuity of the designers has resulted in most perfect representations of flowers in suitably-colored enamel. A bar pin, which I saw just yesterday, bore a cluster of pale blue field flowers with a diamond dewdrop nestling in the heart of the largest blossom.

White, red, and black balls have been given with good effect. At the red ball, men wore the old-time knee-breeches and lace-decorated coats, and the women were in white materials, among which brocade took the lead. The red ball was a brilliant scene, but not so fanciful as the white. At the black one the men wore dress suits, the shirt-front being the only white. The ladies were all in black with white flowers.

•

I sometimes wonder if we do not too often discourage the sinner when we intend only to condemn the sin. Coming as we all do into contact with wickedness, it may be great and it may be small, we either hold aloof from it, or embrace it, and, in holding aloof, let us be careful that we do not draw our self-righteous robes too closely about us, and, shrinking from those who err, make them forget that there is such a thing as charity. There are plenty of people to be proudly good, let some of us be mercifully so, and may we not be able to help some one to be better! We are not all so spotless in heart that we need shrink from a penitent sinner, nor so weakly righteous that they will contaminate us. CLIP CAREW.

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Mr. Manders—I wuz too scar'.
Mrs. Manders—W-why didn' yo' fly?—*Judge.*

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SECOND HALF OF A TWO-PART STORY.

SWEET HETTY LOVELACE.

By the author of "The Sin and the Sinner," "Love Conquers All," Etc.

Simultaneously with this welcome appearance of the moon old Morin bayed his loudest and deepest. Again and again his note upon one, and he ran backwards and forwards uneasily, and sidled against his young mistress, as though he were anxious to proceed on the journey. She wondered what was the matter with the dog, knowing that he was much too wise to waste his breath in barking without some serious cause. Was it that his instinct told him that this pausing was dangerous, and that it behoved him to persuade her to move on once more? he had so the look of looking in the direction of Cranfell, but diagonally across the wide moor. Something unusual was evidently attracting Morin's attention.

Hetty roused herself and looked in the direction indicated by the dog. Yes, there was something like a Will-o'-the-wisp dancing and glimmering close to the dreaded moraes!

She moved forward a few paces, and the dog bounded joyfully in front of her, barking loudly. Could this be the lover's who was dead. She would trust to the wisdom of the old Morin.

The St. Bernard trotted onward, and she followed, no longer quickly as heretofore, but her exhausted limbs would permit. The light became brighter and brighter—they were gaining upon it; but it waved about uncertainly, and at times was hidden from her gaze altogether. She tried to call out again, but her voice failed her, and she encouraged the dog to bark his loudest.

It was a long and painful chase, for the light was moving away from them nearly as fast as they were pursuing it; but at last Hetty could discern that the light was the glare of a lantern, and her fainting spirits rose again.

Presently she could perceive ahead of her the figure of a man bearing the lantern and steering wildly in the deep snow. Again she attempted to cry aloud, and again the great dog bayed long and fiercely—this time with success.

A faint, answering cry came back to them on the wind, and the man with the lantern stood still and looked around. The girl and the dog toiled on in panting haste and neared the man who, Hetty could now see, was wearing a long overcoat. Heaven be praised—it was the man she was seeking!

Hetty laughed a strange, wild laugh as she approached him—she was so overwrought.

"Oh, thank Heaven, doctor, that I have found you—that you are safe!" she gasped.

Denzil Jackson looked at her in a dim, uncertain way.

"Miss Hetty!" was all he said, in a faint, dreamy tone.

He was evidently almost exhausted and fast succumbing to that fatal drowsiness which falls snow-bound travelers to their last rest.

"Oh what shall I do now?" gasped Hetty; and then she suddenly thought of the flask of brandy which her wise forethought had prompted her to put in her pocket.

She poured some out into the little silver cup of the flask and made him drink it, and then she replenished the cup for herself. In a few short minutes the blood was once more coursing vigorously through their half frozen veins.

"Now, doctor," exclaimed Hetty, "did you reach Mrs. Baxter's? Surely not—she would not have allowed you to leave her house!"

"I have not been there, Miss Hetty," he replied, faintly. "I missed my way, and have been wandering about vainly seeking for some path. And I was almost done up with the cold. But you, Miss Hetty—what brings you—"

"Oh, doctor, I am so grieved!" she interrupted. "Mrs. Baxter did not send for you—the note was a stupid hoax; and, when I heard that you had actually started to go to her house, I set off after you to find you if possible."

There was a sudden swift change in the doctor's manner as he heard Hetty's rapid explanation. An expression of acute pain came over his weary face, and he said, in a low distinct tone:

"You astound me, Miss Hetty! You may well call it a stupid hoax! It is even worse, for it has gone near costing me my life; and this atonement of yours in striving to make amends for your wicked joke has well nigh cost you your life! It may even yet, for I have utterly lost my way now!"

The girl heard him in speechless astonishment, and, as she realized his meaning, a passionate denial rose to her lips. He whose life she had saved at the risk of her own actually thought her base enough to play him this sorry trick, and imagined that she was now penitent. A proud resolve closed her lips to the truth, and she said very coldly:

"You are grievously mistaken, Dr. Jackson. However, it is useless to discuss the matter here. I know the way. We cannot be more than two or three hundred yards from the morass—you were making straight for it. If you will follow me and Morin, I will guide you home." She turned without another word, followed by the dog, a choking sensation in her throat at the thought that she should be so misjudged.

"As you say, Miss Hetty, this is no time or place to discuss the matter; but I am deeply grateful to you. You have saved my life. I feel stronger and better now. You will let me help you? It is terrible traveling."

"No, thank you," replied Hetty; "I can manage alone. And it is Morin who saved your life. He it was who showed me where you were."

The task of finding the way back to Liston was made easy by the light of the moon; but walking in the deep snow was most exhausting, and once or twice poor Hetty felt as though she must lie down and die. But each step brought her nearer home and rest, and she had attained her object. She had found the lost—she had and she had spared her father a terrible calamity.

Twice she paused to revive her weary companion with the brandy and to rouse herself with a few drops of the precious liquid, but few words were uttered by either. At last, to her unspeakable joy, Poplar Corner was reached and the moor was left behind.

"You will have no difficulty in finding your way now, Dr. Jackson," said Hetty stiffly. "Good night."

"But I cannot leave you——"

"Oh I have Morin, thank you! We are only a hundred yards from the Vicarage—I beg that you will not come one step."

Denzil Jackson, worn out in body and sad at heart, looked down at the girl with a strange air of helplessness and trouble, and took her outstretched hand.

"You will not say anything about this—to anyone, I mean?" she pleaded faintly.

"I will not, Miss Hetty."

"Thank you. Good night."

He still retained her little thick-gloved hand, and looked at her with the same expression of trouble on his face.

"Miss Hetty," he began softly.

But either the tone of his voice or the choking sense of injustice which was bringing the tears to her eyes caused her to loosen her hand suddenly and hurry off to her home as fast as her aching limbs would permit.

Denzil Jackson stared sorrowfully after her until she had entered the gate of the Vicarage, and then he turned, with a heavy sigh, towards his own house.

Willie had kept at his post, and had stolen down and opened the back door by the time the poor tired girl reached it.

"Oh, Hetty," gasped the boy, "I've been in a dreadful fright about you! I thought you were lost! Where is he, old dear? Is he—"

"We found him," she said brokenly. "He is at home now. Don't say anything more to me. Go to bed. I am very weary."

The immediate result of poor Hetty's midnight adventure was a severe attack of rheumatism, which on the third day rendered her unable to move without very great pain. Willie had gone back to school, but in a control mood on the morning after Hetty's tramp through the snow; and later in the day the doctor had called and had found her calmly reading the novel mysteriously reserved the marks reference to their peril of the previous night; and, as Beatrice was present, he thought it wisest, remembering his promise to Hetty, to be silent on the subject.

Denzil left the Vicarage in a troubled and perplexed state of mind. The conclusion at which he had arrived concerning Hetty was naught but intense distress. Sweet Hetty Lovelace was the one being in ungracious Liston who had lifted him with admiration; and the few chance words of encouragement that had fallen from her lips had inspired him with courage and hope. Her turning upon him and subjecting him to the indignity of a practical joke in order that she and her contemptuous sister might indulge in a laugh at the "gawky" doctor's expense, seemed to his nervous sensitive nature an act of unsurpassable cruelty.

It was not the silly hoax that vexed him—had it been the work of any one else, he would have dismissed it from his memory with fitting contempt—but that his idol, the one woman whom he had gradually found himself contemplating as the perfection of sweetness and grace, should thus rudely cast herself down from her pedestal for the sake of a foolish, cruel laugh, caused him infinite pain.

Several times of late he had caught himself glancing moodily across his dull fireside and thinking how it could be changed and brightened if he could hope for the happiness of some day seeing sweet Hetty sitting there, with her radiant smile and dainty presence, mistress of his heart and home. And now, alas, that dream had proved itself a fantasy! A girl who could jest so idly and cruelly was no fitting wife for a sensitive man. He dared no longer think of Hetty as the happiness—the common sense told him that the very thought was folly.

He went back to his work with his heart heavier than before, and a sense of ruffled dignity which jarred painfully upon his studious, refined nature.

On the third day following that memorable night there came a note from the vicar begging the doctor when on his rounds to call in and see Miss Hetty, who was very feverish and in great pain. She had caught a cold, the vicar thought.

The doctor sighed remorsefully as he read the note. He guessed what was coming upon poor Hetty, and his heart smote him as he wondered whether he had not been too hard upon her in his thoughts. At least she had suffered his life at the risk of her own, and he had been dwelling too much on the madcap prank of two thoughtless girls. Now probably poor Hetty had to pay the penalty of pain and sickness for her practical joke, in spite of her repentance.

Half an hour later Denzil Jackson was at the Vicarage.

"I am very sorry to find you like this, Miss Hetty," he said, with real concern in his mild blue eyes, "and I only concerned myself I should have been the unwitting cause of it. I am afraid I have not expressed my gratitude to you."

"Stop, doctor, please!" interposed Hetty, a deep flush mantling her cheeks. "I beg of you not to speak of that night again. It distresses me beyond measure."

Denzil bowed in silence, and proceeded with his duties in a quiet professional manner. Poor Hetty lay for three weeks racked with pain at the slightest movement, and escaping the severer penalties of fever only by the skill and unflagging attention of the doctor.

Denzil made no further reference to the forbidden subject; he treated his patient with professional courtesy; and indeed it seemed as if he had dismissed his terrible journey across the moor from his recollection. But on two or three rare occasions, when the eyes of patient and doctor met for a brief moment, there was some tell-tale token in the man's troubled look which told Hetty that the event lingered in his memory.

"He still thinks I did it!" she moaned, her eyes full of tears. "I love can he think so! It is very cruel and unjust of him! Let him think so if he likes—I will not undeceive him! Why should it trouble me?"

But the matter evidently did trouble sweet Hetty Lovelace, for she carefully avoided looking into those tell-tale eyes again.

"Up at last, Miss Hetty!"

"At last, Mr. Bingley!" said Hetty, looking up smilingly from her wraps and her cushions to the bronzed broad-shouldered man at the window. "Why, I've made great haste to get well, I think! I have been ill only three weeks."

"Ah, it has seemed an eternity to all of us! Has it not, Miss Lovelace?" returned Mr. Bingley, turning indulgently to her, who was walking up and down the lawn with him.

"Yes, indeed. Poor Hetty!" exclaimed Beatrice, in an appropriately commiserating tone.

Beatrice had hitherto kept her commiseration to herself, and her visits to the sick room had been few and far between. It gave her a "headache," it appeared, to see Hetty lying there so patiently.

"Ah, that's one of the advantages of having a young man primed with the very latest scientific knowledge for one's doctor!" said the squire, in his usual dogmatic way. "Our fathers would've believed in a physician until he had grown into a mumbling old doddierer who had forgotten what little he ever knew; that was one of the advantages of the 'good old times'—the privilege of dying sooner than you need have done through the ignorance of your medical attendant. Now Jackson is a man one can regard with perfect confidence," pursued the squire, who loved nothing so much as the sound of his own voice; "but these stupid people around us don't seem to see it. Why, he's a man who could take off your leg as easily as you could eat your breakfast——"

"Good gracious, I hope he won't!" interposed Beatrice, with a pretty little flutter of excitement.

"And I should like to know how some of those old boys would have managed to cut off thrust upon them!" inquired Mr. Bingley vigorously and triumphantly.

"Dr. Jackson is very skilful," murmured Hetty, with a faint flush; "he has saved me a great deal of pain, I feel assured."

"There you are," said the squire—"there is the argument in a nutshell! He may make haste and get you thoroughly well though, or he and I shall fall out. Explain the argument, Miss Lovelace! Certainly; I will prove to you that my contention is absolutely correct." And, with a smile and a nod to the invalid, the squire resumed his walk with Beatrice, who listened with vague impatience to a conversation in which she did not take a prominent part.

Hetty watched them as they passed the window, the squire's energetic gesticulations she laid down the law looking amusingly like a process of dumb show, while Beatrice's languidly amused laugh proved to the girl that her handsome sister was on the best of terms with herself and was determined to be on excellent terms with her companion.

A little sigh escaped Hetty. For some reason or other she was not at all on good terms with herself. The anticipation of regaining her health and resuming her accustomed round of work and duty seemed to have lost half its keenness. She had been very wrongfully misjudged, but her pride would not permit her to make any effort to set the matter right—she would not even allow that she had any occasion to feel troubled.

While Hetty sat weighing her thoughts, the servant announced the doctor; and Denzil entered and greeted his patient with an unusually embarrassed air. He took a chair beside her and congratulated her on being able to avail herself of his permission to come downstairs.

Presently he drew a letter from his pocket and opened it slowly.

"Miss Hetty," he said, "I have to ask your forgiveness. I have made a most awful blunder! I might have known if I had not been so dreadfully stupid."

He handed up a letter to him in some astonishment, and Denzil proceeded.

"This morning I received a letter. Let me read it to you; you will then understand what I mean.

"'——College, Feb. 14th, 18—.

"DEAR DR. JACKSON—My sister Beatrice has written me a letter to tell me that Hetty is bad with rheumatism, and I am feeling wretched because I expect she caught it that night she went out after you on the moor—Beatrice does not know, and she don't seem to know anything about it. And Beatrice says that I am a bad fellow, because she hears you were nearly lost that night, and she says I ought to thrashing—and so I do. And Beatrice says that the *pater* doesn't know anything about it. So I wish to tell you that Hetty is a brick; and when she found I had played that lark on you, she took Morin and went after you so that the *pater* should not know I did it. I was going home to-day and stop you going afterwards, but I thought you would have rather you should know it was a hoax. And I am writing to say that I hope you won't mind me, and will forgive me in no time, because she will tell you of her own will; and she's a brick with lots of pluck for a girl—not like Beatrice, the sneak! And we'll come back at the end of the half if you shall give me a good thrashing if you like. And I'm awfully sorry, and won't do it again. No more from

"'Your sincere friend,

"'WILLIE LOVELACE.

"'P.S.—Give my love to Hetty. Tell her I'm not going to play any more tricks.'

"Poor old Willie!" said sweet Hetty Lovelace, with a faint flush rising to her fair cheeks and a smile playing about her lips. "I think he is coming on now."

"Why did you not tell me, Miss Hetty?" remonstrated Denzil. "I have been thinking—I startled from your own words that you had prompted the joke. Why did you allow me to make such an ungrateful idiot of myself?"

"What did it matter? It was your own interpretation of my words," replied Hetty, looking at him mirthfully. "And," she continued more seriously, "since you really thought that I was capable of playing such a wicked prank, what was the good of my attempting to undeceive you?"

"You saved my life at the risk of your own," rejoined Denzil, warmly, "and you allowed me to think that you were simply making amends for the trick you had played upon me. Of course I ought to have known that you could not possibly have done it. The thought has caused me great grief. Can you ever forgive me?"

The doctor uttered the last words in a tone of despair, and Hetty regarded him for a few moments in silence, secretly enjoying his discomfiture.

"Why does it trouble you so much, doctor?" she queried, smiling.

"Miss Hetty," replied Denzil Jackson, in sheer desperation, "I am as a weak, timid-featured, sensitive man, yet I had been presumptuous enough to dream that some one of the most sweet and noble creatures in the world so absurd a creature and consent to make his life an earthly paradise; and this—this dreadful misunderstanding shattered that foolish dream and left the absurd creature utterly stranded and without hope. Is not that trouble enough, Miss Hetty?"

Somehow—he never knew how—Doctor Denzil Jackson found himself holding his patient's hand, and, whether he was holding it too firmly for it to escape or whether the fact was unnoticed by Hetty, it lay unresistingly in his grasp.

"You will forgive me?" he pleaded, hardly daring to look at her.

"If—if you wish it," she said very softly.

"And some one will permit this absurd creature to dream?" he found courage to say, still holding the little hand in his.

"Some one doesn't mind the dream at all," replied Hetty coyly; and the next moment the nervous and bashful young doctor was kissing his patient in quite a daring fashion.

"Hetty, Mr. Bingley has asked me to marry him—at least, it sounded more like his ordering me to marry him than anything else," said Beatrice, entering the room a few minutes later, to find the invalid's cheeks very rosy and a bright joyful light in her clear eyes. "What will papa say?"

"What did you say?" asked Hetty playfully.

"I don't think I said very much," replied Beatrice, laughing. "I think he said all that there was to say. And one might do worse, I suppose," she added indifferently.

"Denzil Jackson, for instance," suggested Hetty mischievously.

"Oh, the fright! He'd never have the courage to propose."

"He found enough for once, at any rate," returned Hetty naively. "He proposed to me a few minutes ago."

"Good heavens! And what did you say?" cried Beatrice, in amazement.

"I said 'Yes.'"

For a moment Beatrice looked at her little sister incredulously; then she stooped down and kissed her.

"I suppose I must congratulate you," she said, "I always thought you were a little silly, Hetty; now I'm certain of it!"

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select fiction are: Sowing the Wind, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; A Black Business, by Hawley Smart; Violet Vyvian, M. P. H., by May Crommelin and J. Moray Brown; The Rival Princess, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed. All the best books are to be found in the Red Letter Series, for sale by booksellers everywhere.

All About Cats.

No less than fifty years of careful, thoughtful observation and research have gone to produce a very interesting, amusing, and comprehensive volume, by Mr. Harrison Weir, called Our Cats and All About Them. The author has been a devoted lover of animals since early childhood, noting their habits, watching their ways, and finding unfailing pleasure in their companionship, his love for cats in particular having grown with him from childhood to manhood, and forming one of the best enjoyable part of old age. Mr. Weir tells us that the cat is possibly the most perfect and certainly the most domestic of animals, and that, whether perfect or no, always of use, as witness the millions of cats we should be over-run by billions of vermin. With kindly championship of his species, he further points out that the self-reliant and occasionally retaliative nature of cats is due to long ages of neglect and cruelty, and that with kindness and training these evil qualities, stamped by cruelty into an often wretched existence, can be made to disappear, and the cat transformed into an object of interest, admiration, and exquisite beauty. Of the frequent prejudice against cats, Mr. Weir tells an amusing story of the conversion of a cat-hater by the first show held at the Crystal Palace in 1861, and he goes on to show how deserving the cat is of being well-treated by instancing many examples of its fidelity and intelligence. It would seem a by no means phenomenal thing for a cat to cling to a door with one paw and lift a latch with the other, while the calculating capacity of the tribe may be judged from the conduct of the cat who waited for the meat-man every day except Sunday, and the one that met Mr. Trubner at the end of his terrace every evening except Sunday with unfailing regularity, while their observation and agility are so extreme that one animal has been known to capture four mice at once, two in its paws and two in its mouth. How Mr. Barnum will regret that this marvellous creature is no longer available for the biggest show on earth! Mr. Weir's conclusion is that cats, too, are more critical in their observation than dogs, as they have been known to watch how doors were opened and then imitate the action effectively. Of the moral peculiarities of cats, the author notes that they are jealous as well as retaliative, and, with regard to the latter characteristic, gives his readers an excellent piece of advice—namely, that should a cat dig a claw into their hand, never to draw it backward, but push it forward, so closing the foot and rendering the claws harmless. The only drawback to this judicious advice seems to be that ninety-nine victims out of a hundred would probably fail to recall it until the mischief was done, as the situation is not conducive to calm thought. The success of the original cat show in 1861, and the many inquiries and errors of description made then and since, have induced Mr. Weir to publish these notes as to the markings, color, form, habits, peculiarities, management, etc., of the numerous species of the great feline family, and he has not only done this with commendable completeness and admirable accuracy, but he has added quite a host of interesting information and stories of the cat world, embracing chapters on the wild cat of Great Britain—a most formidable creature—the cat of Shakespeare, performing cats, Puss in Boots, the superstition and witchcraft of cats, weather signs in connection with them, a collection of cat proverbs, and a comprehensive catalogue of odds and ends of quaint information concerning cats."

Of the Persian tribe, he warns us that they are almost savage, and by no means "cosy." Of other kinds he tells us much that will be new to many readers, as, for instance, that white cats are almost always more or less deaf, his own white cat, "The Colonel," having been stone deaf and moreover gifted with a supernaturally noisy voice, the outcome of the combination being its great relation to a very deaf old lady, by which both were made happy. Mr. Weir also tells us that the tabby cat gets its name from a kind of tabby or taffeta, a form of watered silk, as witness an old poem, published in 1602, in which occur the lines:

Her petticoat of satin,
Her petticoat of crimson tabby.

In Norfolk and Suffolk, from a similar cause, tabbies are known sometimes as Cyprus and sometimes as Calimanco cats, both names being derived from a species of silk and hair cloth. It is interesting to notice a story told by Mrs. Vyvyan of her Siamese cats, to the effect that when one of them, Susan, was ill, the old he-cat called daily to condole with her, and brought the invalid delicate attentions in the shape of freshly-caught mice. It is also odd to learn that cats will sometimes rear rats, rabbits, squirrels, puppies, hedgehogs, and even young pigeons! and that the Government provide some for keeping cats in the dockyards, stores, etc., while the United States Post Office authorities keep quite a feline staff, and the municipal authorities of Vienna not only support four on their premises, but pension off those which are past service. Mr. Weir tells us, too, that good tortoiseshells are extremely rare, and he also sketched for his readers a curiosity in cats which flourished in the early part of the century, and had corkscrew curls growing out of its ears, the face of a lion, and the brush of a monkey. Another cat curio is one born on Easter day, 1866, with a black cross clearly defined on its white back.—*Lady's Pictorial.*

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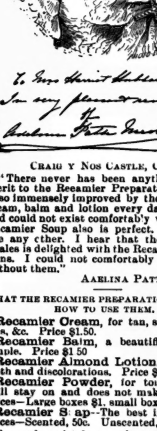

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Little Queen.

"Little Queen," said the handsomest old lady alive to her granddaughter, whose pet name seemed the most appropriate that could have been given her. "I have dismissed Patrick. He has been robbing the dairy, ungrateful wretch. Dolmer discovered it, and begs that he shall go to-day. Is it not dreadful?"

"It is, indeed, grandma. Patrick is as honest as man can be."

"But Dolmer, child, Dolmer says—"

"We have had no peace since that man was engaged," cried Queen, in a temper. "You are deceived by him. He is a horribie and wicked creature, I am sure. Look at his spotted face, his tiger-like eyes. The hideous wretch is, I have no doubt, an escaped convict. I hate him!"

"What coarse language, dear. Dolmer is a very well-mannered man-servant, and so up to for my interests. You think too much of beauty."

"Pat is not beautiful," laughed Queen. "But look at his honest, gray eyes and good big mouth, grandma. Dismiss Dolmer and keep Patrick."

The two sat in a lovely room in one of the handsomest villas on the Hudson. Behind the sofa on which they had placed themselves, a tall Indian screen of rare beauty had been placed to ward off the draughts, which the old lady feared, as most old ladies do.

On this occasion it answered a double purpose, for behind it crouched a slender, dark-skinned man in a servant's jacket, who was listening intently to the conversation of the two ladies.

"Dolmer is a good man. He prays and reads his bibie a great deal," said the old lady.

"Always in public," said the girl.

"And the Benevolent Society speaks so highly of him," said the grandmother.

"What do they know of him?" asked Queen. "Guilt is stamped on his face; he wants honest Patrick out of the way; he is a member of the dangerous class, I am sure. Grandma, I am afraid for you. Send him away."

The old lady tossed her head.

"I am more competent to judge than you are, at your age, little Queen," she said. "Suppose he has sinned and is repentant, shall we not be merciful to him? I believe he is truly good, poor thing, and so attentive. Besides, I manage my own home, little Queen. I am not quite childish."

"Very well, grandma," sighed the girl.

"She passed out into the hall. Patrick stood there, with his face flushed and his hair tousele!.

"The divil, savin' your prisince, is 'avesdropping to your remarks," he said.

"No doubt, Pat," said Queen. "Had I my way, he should go and you should stay."

"Thank ye, miss," said Pat. "You'd never belive poor Patrick would rob the dairy, miss, an' stale butther an' eggs an' things—Pat that is so grateful he'd die for the ould lady and bo b of yez!"

"Indeed, I do not," said the girl. "I have tried to get grandma to alter her decision. However, I know where to find you, Pat; and I think you will come back before long. I will expose Dolmer, if I can."

Pat bowed, and went sadly and slowly toward his garret to get his little blue chest, and Bertha moved away. As she did so, a cruel face peeped from behind a pantry-door, and two dark brows met in a scowl over eyes that were hardly human. The man who had listened behind the screen listened again. It was Dolmer.

"So you are my enemy!" he said. "Very well, young lady. All is fair in war."

There was a little supper-party at the villa that night. A dozen of the most elegant people of the neighborhood had been invited. Bertha, in her pale-pink silk dress, with rosebuds in her black hair, was beautiful enough, but at the last moment, the old lady, anxious to atone for her passing ill-temper, added a touch to her toilet.

"Come here, child," she said. "You shall have my long promised diamonds to-night. I have kept them from the safe on purpose. You know I never put them on now. You are just the style for diamonds."

She places the stars in her hair, drew the golden drops from her ears and substituted little cascades of diamonds, fastened a necklace about her neck and bracelets on her arms. The girl looked like an empress with all this wonderful splendor added to her beauty.

"I shall really be ashamed of myself. I am too fine," she said.

"Nobody can be that nowadays," said the old lady. "Simplicity is out of fashion, and the idea that girls must wear only white and ro-ses-ds. I shall tell them I have given you your birthday present, and made you wear it. Why should I wait until I am dead to give the things to you? You would not enjoy them so much, and you are one and twenty, Bertha."

"Dear grandma," cried Bertha, "how good you are! It is more than I deserve, unless, in deed, loving you is some claim. When I argue with you it is because I know you are being imposed upon I— There, I will try to believe as you do about Dolmer. Of course you have had more experience, and I am silly about Patrick, who has been here so long."

"My dear, I've cried about Patrick, if you want the truth," said the old lady. "I've really been his benefactress; but they tell me that persons of his class are always turning out badly, and have no gratitude. Systematic plunder, good Dolmer says, has been going on from first to last. Well, now go and look your prettiest and feel your happiest, little Queen." And, kissing the lovely girl, the beautiful old lady swept into her drawing room, where the guests soon assembled.

It was an evening to remember, and Queen was in her gayest mood, or seemed to be. The truth was, she made an effort unusual to her, for somehow her heart was heavy. Dolmer, with his strange, cruel face, disfigured by its yellow scars, had drilled the waiters thoroughly, and, in his faultless black coat and white tie, seemed to her like Satan playing man-servant. Many, however, congratulated Mrs. Ashford on her possession of a treasure.

"These Europeans," they said, "understand all this sort of thing so much better than other people."

A great tenor from the Italian opera sang for them that night. Brilliant men talked their best; girls looked lovlier than ever, in the light of the myriad wax candles. The scent of many blossoms filled the house. When good nights were said, the protestations of having had "a very pleasant evening" were heartfelt; and, surely, if admiration from men and friendly speech from women could content one, Queen should have been happy. Alas! her heart felt heavy as lead. She seemed to feel a strange premonition of evil. That night, for the first time she remembered that her grandmother's so handsome yet and full of life and spirit, was really old; that in all probability she must soon lose her. Perhaps it was this she thought. I was enough.

She followed the old lady to her room, and was loath to leave her; but all was so pleasant there, so guarded, so comfortable, and then the well trained always slept in the small room adjoining, that she had no excuse for asking to stay.

With her diamonds still about her and her face growing more and more serious, she stole softly up the stairs. Dolmer was locking doors and extinguishing candles with a baleful leer. He bowed to her as she passed. His eyes and his dark skin, with its yellow scars, made her think of a tiger.

She hurried to her room and locked the door. She had never done this before. She did not know why she did it now. The house she had known ever since she was born felt unsafe to her.

She had a mind to go back and beg to stay with her grandmo her, after all, but dreaded the stairs and passages, now dark and silent.

At last she knelt down and prayed, felt comforted, and arising, began to undress.

She removed the diamonds, laid them in their rich old case, and placed them in her bureau. She had not the courage to go to the safe with them—she, who had often boasted that she did not know what fear meant. She threw her pretty dress across a chair, attired herself for the night and slipped into bed, leaving the night-lamp burning. It was a curious little thing, from which a white moon face, set in a sea of blue, looked at one with its almond eyes, when the lamp was lighted. It usually had a jolly expression; now it seemed to give her glances of warning. Yet she might have fallen asleep even then but for a new and horrible thing that happened.

We all know that the coughing or even hard breathing of any individual is a very distinctive sound, alike in no two people. Patrick, the dismissed servant, had a peculiar way of catching his breath when fatigued.

Suddenly in the silence, this sound struck on Queen's ear. Was it imagination? No, she heard it again. At once she was assured that Patrick was concealed in her room behind the curtains of an alcove. It could be for no other purpose than that of theft. Dolmer had been right, an honest guardian of her aunt's interests; Patrick, a wretch who deceived his benefactress.

She tried to think of some means of escape from the room. Should she rise to cross it, Patrick, powerful and alert, could stop her with a finger. She might bring about her own murder. Perhaps to feign sleep was the best and safest thing to do.

At least grandma was safe for the present. Patrick must know the diamonds were in her room. Again that sudden catch of the strong man's breath. Queen almost fainted.

Suddenly another sound struck her ear. A step upon the roof of the porch, which was below her window:

The shutters open; a dark head protruded into the room, a little figure followed. Dolmer himself, a pistol in his hand.

"Can this be true?" thought the girl. "This man I suspected has proved my guardian angel; he has come to save me from Patrick."

In her relief she sat up in bed, and clasping her hands, cried:

"Dolmer—good—kind Dolmer!"

But his answer was an oath. A hand struck her, not heavily but sharply, on the shoulder, and Dolmer's voice hissed in her ear.

"'Good Dolmer,' eh! Ah, now you are afraid! I was bad Dolmer this morning. I was to be dismissed, eh! Oh, yes, yes, because I am so dreadful to behold!"

And then the young lady thought:

"I looked like an escaped convict? Very well, I am—from the galleys at Toulon. For what was I there, eh? For killing a woman. Now I kill another! Then I take the diamonds! Ah! you did well to keep them in your room to night, and, at daylight, I discover you are murdered and robbed. Dead women cannot tell tales! Perhaps it is Patrick who is dis missed, who is the thief. Who knows? Not honest Dolmer—who soon goes to be rich in his own country. I hate you. I like to kill you! I, who look like an ugly tiger, eh?"

The girl shrank back powerless to move or to speak, but seeing what Dolmer does not see: the alcove curtain thrown aside, and a great well-built Irish figure emerging from it, and lifting its strong hand above Dolmer's right arm. The next instant, Dolmer is on the floor, and Patrick, kneeling on his breast, ties his hands together with a red cotton handkerchief, as he cries:

"No fear now, miss, darlin'! I was up to the thricks of the crawthur, and watched him. I knew he was afther thim di'mints, and I saw him thry the winty to see if it was aisy an' bin' so I risked me carackther for the sake of the family, prayin' the saints be wid me. 'Asy, Miss Queen. He's as helpless as a babby in me hands."

Pat gave his testimony in court, when Dolmer was tried, in a way that made much laughter, but it was with him, not at him.

Dolmer, and escaped murderer, who had killed a lady for the sake of a bracelet, was returned to the authorities of his own country; and Patrick is now guardian-general of the house and the ladies. A more faithful one could not be found.

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He—Well, I heard her father tell her once that people ought to marry their opposites.—*Judge.*

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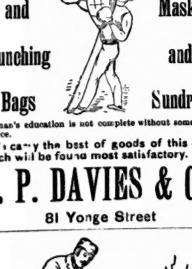

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Music.

On Thursday evening of last week a very pleasing short season of Gilbert & Sullivan opera was opened at the Grand Opera House by the Duff company. The operas presented were the Pirates, Iolanthe and Patience. I saw only the Pirates, and found an exceedingly good performance. The company was a very strong one with a fine singing chorus, well trained and effective in its work, though a trifle coarse in tone. It was to be regretted that with such a large company of really creditable artists the orchestral side of the business should have been absolutely neglected. The addition of a piano for left hand work by the conductor did not mend matters much. Fifty people on the stage require more strings to support them than are afforded by four instruments, and a lead of only one first violin is ridiculously inadequate.

The principals were very good indeed—Miss Edith Edwards, the leading soprano, has a fine rich voice, which she uses with good judgment. She is a handsome woman, which also helped to make her a very acceptable performer. Her high notes are a little forced and her enunciation is not as distinct as it might be, but her performance generally was very praiseworthy. Mrs. Laura Joyce Bell gave a very spontaneous rendition of the part of Ruth. She sang well and acted better. Mr. Charles Bassett rather disappointed me. He sang and acted well, but his performance lacked the delicacy and elegance of style and method that his previous good work in Toronto would have led one to expect. A year ago I expressed wonder that so small a voice could come from so large a body, when I referred to Mr. McLaughlin's performance in Paola. This time the gentleman was exceedingly satisfactory as the Pirate King and sang splendidly. A great favorite during the company's stay was Mr. Joseph Fahey, whose Major-General Stanley was a very clever piece of work. He has a fine, clear baritone voice and a good style of singing, which enables him to take a variety of parts. His wife, known on the bills as Miss De Rue, is a very good singer and a clever actress. She has a fine, resonant voice and excellent style, and should be heard in more important parts.

On the 4th, Court Harmony of the Ancient Order of Foresters gave a very excellent concert at the Pavilion before a very fair-sized audience. The performers were Mme. D'Auria, Miss Maud Carter, Miss Evelyn Severs, Miss Hattie Walsh, Mr. Alexander Gorrie, Mr. Fred. Warrington, Mr. S. H. Clark and Mr. W. E. Ramsay. With such an array of talent the most captious critic should have been able to find pleasure, and I am glad to hear that the efforts of these ladies and gentlemen met with universal approbation. Mr. Gorrie was musical director, and Mr. Arthur Hewitt accompanist.

On Saturday evening I went to hear the far-famed Lambeth Choir, and I must confess to a considerable degree of disappointment. I had for years heard of Mr. Lambeth as a conductor of great excellence and judgment, and had heard enthusiastic Scotchmen speak of Lambeth's Choir as the eighth wonder of the world. The circulars distributed before the concert named ten vocalists. Only nine appeared, and not all of these the individuals previously advertised. That in itself would not have been much to complain of had the work done by those present been up to the expected standard. The part singing was very good in intonation, but decidedly lacking in clearness and balance of tone. The basses were weak, as were also the altos. The general suppression of tone was annoying. I do not believe that the object of part singing is to make the normal tone-power a pianissimo with occasional crescendos and fortes. The intermediate grades of force should not be neglected and above all the tone-vibrations should not be crushed out of existence and reduced to a murmur. An exaggerated piano, when continued, is as affected as a constant forte is inartistic. Tone is at the bottom of all singing, and should never be sacrificed. Still some of their pieces were exceedingly well done, such as Macfarren's Three Fishers, the Suablan Dorothy, Come, and Lambeth's Rowan Tree. This last number was exquisitely sung.

As soloists, the party did not shine very brightly. Miss Florence Lambeth has good style and a pleasing and well-trained voice, and gave an excellent performance of Comin' thro' the Rye. Miss Bowie also is a good singer and sang Angus Macdonald excellently. She has a very well-modulated contralto voice and a very pleasing manner. Miss Kate Sherry was extremely good to look at, but very crude in her singing, coarse chest notes being in strong contrast with her rather small upper registers. Mr. James Moir was the best singer of the company and has a true tenor voice. He made some creditable efforts, his encore songs, The McGregor's Gathering and Tom Bowling, being better than his programme songs.

The "swell" of the party was evidently Mr. Vincent Graham, whose style was ultra-dramatic to the utter annihilation of all phrasing. His Village Blacksmith was a ridiculous effort on this account, and his For a' That was as irregularly explosive as a barrel of firecrackers on Dominion Day. The patriarchal appearance of Mr. Lambeth won the liking of every one in the house and had much to do with the continuous stream of encores that inundated the house. But why does not some one show the ladies how to dress, or drape their dresses better. (What is the proper term, ladies?) The fashion picture displayed was really a funny one. The concert took place in the Auditorium, but until I can hear the effect of known quantities in the way of voices, I must reserve my opinion as to its acoustic excellence. One thing is certain—the line of beauty in the galleries has been most successfully eluded.

What a clever little combination the Hecker children are! There are four little mites,—five, seven, nine and eleven years old—clad in sky-blue, coming in hand-in-hand, and making their pretty little bows to the audience, and then playing far better than hundreds of their elders. They play together beautifully with the greatest attention to artistic details, and their individua efforts are even better. Stella, the eldest girl, has great execution and wonderful steadiness. She played Liszt's Sixth Rhapsody with al the conventional effects of phrasing. She has had thorough technical training and evidently has proper artistic instinct. Bertha, the next, offers quite a contrast and already shows a strong musical sentiment. She has a very agreeable touch and plays her little pieces with great expression. Little Carl draws very sweet sounds from his little fiddle, and very successfully copies the correct style in his solos. He is very graceful and bids fair to arrive at great excellence in the future. Not the least important member of the quartette is Cecile, the five-year-old, who is quite an artist on the triangle. Mr. John Bayley, bandmaster of the Queen's Own Rifles, has every reason to be proud of his nieces and nephew.

Mr. Thomas Claxton was recently the happy recipient of a gold-headed cane at the hands of the Toronto Orchestral Association, in recognition of many kindnesses he has tendered the society.

On Thursday evening next the Haslam Vocal Society will give its initial concert at the Pavilion, and has prepared a very fine programme for the occasion. One of the chief features will be Estudiantina, a work which has all the elements of popularity. The Toronto Madrigal Boys, especially trained by Mr. Haslam, will make their first public appearance, and will take part in two numbers. The soloists will be Miss Margaret H. Elliott and Mr. Francis Fischer Powers of New York, and Mr. Percy W. Mitchell of this city.

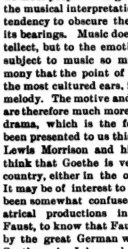
On Tuesday evening the Toronto Symphony Orchestra will give its second concert at the Pavilion, when a new programme will be performed, containing among other novelties Sig. D'Auria's selection from Rigoletto. Mr. E. W. Schuch will be the vocalist.

I have received a copy of the Buffalo *Musical Monthly*, which has passed into the hands of Mr. Draper E. Fralick, formerly of this city. This journal is evidently well conducted, giving plenty of local news, and abounding in bright, well-written paragraphs.

METRONOME.

We have received a copy of the Conservatory Calendar for this year. It is a tastefully gotten-up book in pamphlet form, and contains all information about Conservatory matters. We should advise all our friend who are interested in music to possess themselves of a copy, which can be had free on application by note or in person at the Conservatory.

The Drama.



GREAT deal has been done by the stage in making Goethe's masterpiece known to the English-speaking world. There are few people who attend theatrical performances who have not seen Faust, either in opera or in drama. Toronto people are more familiar with Faust sung than Faust acted. To most people—it might be said to all people—the musical interpretation of a subject has a tendency to obscure the conception of it in all its bearings. Music does not appeal to the intellect, but to the emotions, and in setting a subject to music so much is conceded to harmony that the point of the subject, except to the most cultured ears, is lost in the waves of melody. The motive and the moral of the story are therefore much more clearly set forth in the drama, which is the form in which it has been presented to us this week at the Grand by Lewis Morrison and his company. I do not think that Goethe is very widely read in this country, either in the original or translation. It may be of interest to many people who have been somewhat confused by the different theatrical productions involving the name of Faust, to know that Faust is originally a poem by the great German writer Johann W. von Goethe. As I have already said it has been presented here as an opera, and a drama, also as a burlesque. The story is largely supernatural. Dr. Faustus, an aged scholar, is bewailing the limitations of his powers, when Mephisto, or in other words, the devil, appears to him and offers to restore his youth, and to give him power and love, and the fairest and purest maiden in the land if he will sign a bond with his own blood giving Mephisto his soul. Faust signs the bond, has his youth renewed and meets the fair maiden, who is named Marguerite. They both love. Then Mephisto instigates a series of mischiefs by which Marguerite is made to, unwittingly, poison her own mother, she, herself, is dishonored, her brother is slain by Faust and the whole is consummated by her death. It is powerful allegory, showing how despair and death are the results of yielding to evil and how love may be made the instrument of shame and dishonor.

It must be confessed that the theme is rather sombre for dramatic purposes. The only things which withdraw the mind from the darkness of the story are the scenic effects and the diabolical pleasantries of Mephisto as he trifles with the young affections of Martha, a gossiping widow. Mr. Lewis Morrison's production is modelled on that of Henry Irving, which he closely follows. It seems to me that it would be impossible to make a successful play of Faust without all these elaborate stage accessories. The supernatural element in it so preponderates that without the magical influences of colored calcium lights and a modern innovation, the electric spark, it would be impossible to make it interesting. These are used throughout Mr. Morrison's production and add very much to its effectiveness. The scenery is beautiful and excellently painted. The fourth act, which represents the revels of the demons on the top of the Brocken, is a marvel of fiery realism. Flames shoot out of the crevices of rock and fall in showers from above, while lightnings flash and balls of fire float about in the most mysterious and supernatural fashion. Above all the din and hubbub, on the summit of the rock, stands against the darkness the flaming figure of the master of the revels, Mephisto, as he shows his victim the horrors of the pit below. This is one of the most powerful specimens of stage effect ever seen here. But though the scenic arrangements are so elaborate, it must not be inferred that Mr. Morrison is no actor. His impersonation of Mephisto is strong. He has an excellent face for the part, and his voice and laughter he makes as satanic as one could wish. Faust is very fairly played by Mr. David Murray. I think, however, that the strongest work done in Mr. Morrison's support is by Miss Florence Roberts, as Marguerite. Miss Roberts' emotional work is excellent. There is a flood of tears in her voice, and her work is as good as conscientious effort can make it. The other parts were light but fairly well played.

Cleveland's Magnificent Minstrels opened at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening, too late for an extended notice this week. It is safe talking, however, to say the show is a good one, as all Cleveland's aggregations are of the best.

Weber & Fields' Vaudeville Company are on at Jacobs & Sparrow's this week. These German comedians are very funny in their own particular specialty and have got together a very fair company. Wilson and Cameron, black face artists, are clever, and the Fremonts do a taking act. Drawee's juggling tricks are sources of interest to many.

A good-sized and select audience attended Mr. S. H. Clark's entertainment of readings in Association Hall last Monday evening. The programme was composed of selections, widely varied in their sentiments and methods of treatment. These were read by Mr. Clark in such a manner as to bring out, in almost every case, the force of the author's language together with the sentiments or emotions expressed. Mr. Clark's talents are versatile enough to give proper expression to emotions of the most opposite character. Mr. Clark possesses that happy faculty of making his work impressive. It is not superficial and his hearers feel that he feels his subject whatever it may be.

Something in the dramatic line was the entertainment given in Association Hall on Friday evening of last week by Mr. J. W. Bengough. Probably a better audience, intellectually and numerically, was never before enclosed by its four walls. It is also doubtful if a better entertainment was ever given on its stage. There certainly was never "given" one exactly like it. The genial Grip demonstrated that he is as good an entertainer on the platform as he is in his paper and kept his audience in roars almost all the time. There is no doubt that had Mr. Bengough gone on the stage instead of into journalism he would now be as famous as Sol Smith Russell or Joe Murphy or any of the great comedians. His versatility was a surprise even to his friends.

THE LITTLE STAGE DOOR.

There's an odd little door in a grimy blind alley,
A door that is broken, black, battered, and small,
And it stands at the end of a shadowy valley,
Twixt a tenement house and a factory wall.
All the panels are splintered, and since they were varnished
The long years that have passed near amount to a score,
And it swings with a squeak, for quite rusty and tarnished
Are the hinges and lock of the little stage door.

A belligerent Celt by the name of McNally,
Who, to use an old phrase, is as ugly as sin,
Stands a vigilant guard, and keeps accurate tally
Of the people who go to the regions within.
For the stranger who thoughtlessly taps at the portal
He awaits with a frown and a terrible roar
Of, "Say, what!—what d' ye want?" so the average mortal
Has a deep-rooted fear of the little stage door.

There's the young leading man, with his dresser and valet,
The second old man with his property frown,
Mam'zelle Something-or-other, the queen of the ballet,
Who but lately was known as Miss Smithers or Brown.
The soubrette, the dancers, and all of the chorus, too,
With the gasman, musicians, and several more
Who aid in the bill, are the fortunate beings who
Freely pass in and out of the little stage door.

Then, again, there are those who persistently rally
Round about it as soon as the play's at an end—
The young swells who are seeking Maud, Minnie, or Sally,
The duns that unceasingly tradespeople send
With neat little bills which are aged and overdue,
The man with a play, the perennial bore,
And long there they linger, though none of them ever knew
The sought-for inside of the little stage door.

Ah, the phantoms that fancy can conjure around it
Of the faces and forms of those players who came
To it far in the past, and who finally found it
A hard conquered gate to the temple of Fame!
It has opened for these who gained riches and glory,
It has closed upon hearts that were weary and sore,
And in many a lost and forgotten life story,
What a part has been played by the little stage door!

GLEN MACDONOUGH, in *Puck*.

Osgoode Legal and Literary Society

Last Saturday evening the regular weekly meeting of the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society took place in Convocation Hall, the president in the chair. A very pleasing feature of the occasion was the singing of a couple of glees by the lately re-organized Glee Club, under the leadership of Mr. J. E. Jones; the society have secured the services of Mr. E. W. Schuch as instructor for them, and they have lately been making tremendous strides towards perfection. It stirred the hearts of some of the old-timers to hear the rafters of that grand old hall ring once more with strains of melody. In future meetings it is proposed that a glee shall always be one of the features, and it is hoped that the members of the club will second, by their interest and the regularity of their attendance, the efforts of that old war horse in such matters, Mr. J. E. Jones, whose exertions, not only in musical matters alone but in all other interests of the society, are beyond all praise.

Mr. W. T. J. Lee read a selection which was deservedly well received. The debate consisted of an appeal from the decision of Kappele J. against the abolition of capital punishment, that exceedingly popular lecturer, A. H. Marsh, Q. C., by whose opinion on doubtful points of equity all students swear, occupying the bench. The case was opened for the appellants by Mr. Anderson in a speech bristling with carefully compiled facts. He was ably seconded by Mr. Warren. Mr. Tait, for the respondents, surprised his friends by the eloquent manner in which he advocated the gallows. Mr. Quentin, his junior counsel, and Mr. Lamport, who also spoke, supported him with considerable ability and a formidable array of statistics. Mr. Marsh, who was received with applause, summed up the arguments in a neat little speech, dismissing the appeal.

At the last meeting Mr. B. M. Jones read an original essay on Will Carleton. The ideas and the language in which they were clothed were equally excellent. We trust that the gifted author will not take his pen out of commission, but will favor us again at an early date.

Art and Artists.

The art and architectural students of the town are indebted to Mr. James Bain, jr., of the Public Library, for the facilities he has afforded them for becoming acquainted with the art treasures contained in the library. Last Tuesday evening the members of the Architectural Sketch Club spent the evening at the library, and a week previously the members of the Art Students' League enjoyed the same privilege. In this way the students get a better knowledge of the art works in the library than they can glean from the catalogue, and when they know that they are there they can consult them at any time.

The Woman's Art Club exhibition in the Yonge street Arcade has been open all this week, and on account of the interest taken by the public will not be closed until the end of next week. The Woman's Art Club has been organized "for the purpose of creating a general interest in art and the encouragement of woman's work, for the purpose of mutual help and co-operation of its members and the holding of exhibitions and art conversations." The club holds three exhibitions during the year. Among its members are nearly all the best lady artists in the city, and in its list of patronesses and honorary members are the names of many well-known and cultured ladies of Toronto. It is impossible, in the small space at my disposal, to particularize in describing this exhibition. It consists almost entirely of small studies, landscapes, flowers and still life. Mrs. M. E. Dignam shows some well-painted pieces of landscape, fruit and flowers. Mrs. Mary Hiester Reid shows two pictures of chrysanthemums and still life, Miss Amy F. Street some studies of heads, Miss M. A. Sullivan some clever sketches of scenes on the Island and elsewhere. Miss McConnell shows a number of her promising figure pieces. Mrs. E. L. Coffin and Mrs. E. M. Scott of New York some bright water colors. Other exhibitors are Miss Ida Mitchell of Tustin, California, Miss Louise Ware, Miss J. Bertram, Miss Helen Stennet, Mrs. E. T. Carter, Miss Edith Pearson, Miss M. E. Good, Miss S. Lamont, Miss T. G. Mowbray, Miss Daisy E. Clarke, Miss Clara D. Osler, Miss Bella Sifton, Miss Juliet Howson, Miss Emily L. Ore, Miss E. W. Armstrong, Miss Ida Edwards, Miss A. M. Phelps, Mrs. Floe-Parker Campbell, Miss E. May Martin, Miss Henrietta McVickers. The exhibition contains much excellent work and is well worth visiting.

VAN.

Trinity Talk.

The Christmas Examinations begin to-day and continue till Friday of next week.

Rev. H. J. Leake visited his old friends at Trinity last week.

Mr. A. F. R. Martin, '92, has been spending a few days at his home in Hamilton.

The Science Association held its last meeting for the term on Tuesday evening, the president in the chair. The meeting was of a most interesting character, and was well attended. Mr. J. H. Smyth read a paper on "The wave theory of sound," introducing many experiments to illustrate his points. These science evenings are rapidly becoming most popular, and being of a highly instructive character it is to be hoped that equally good programmes will be offered next term, in which case it may be expected that the meetings, which formerly were rather slimly attended, may have as large if not larger audiences than even the Literary Institute's Friday evenings.

Certainly the last few meetings of the Literary Institute have been highly exciting, not indeed from any wondrous merits of the evening's programme, but owing to a rather foolish attempt to censure the council which, though perhaps not all it might be, has certainly some members who feel their positions most satisfactorily. The motion was happily defeated on the first Friday it was brought forward, and it looked as though things would continue to run on as before, but nothing daunted the leading spirits of the motion had another try on Friday last, this time with perfect success. The carrying of the motion was promptly followed by the resignation of the entire council, who were all save one re-elected at a special meeting held on Tuesday last. Mr. Martin will in future be the ex-officio member of the council.

CAECUS

Bessie.

For Saturday Night.

The great gray world lay gloomed in the gloaming,
But the sky was piled with red and gold,
As home at sunset the cows came roaming,
Thro' fields of clover and marigold.
And Bessie down by the gate stood waiting,
And sighed, ah, sadly, "Sweet grows the fern
Where the sun's rays slant o'er the hill, belating
The firefly's flame where the dark fens burn.

"And sweet is the breath of the cows with clover,
Fresh on the fields where the bee's bright wings
Beat the blossoms till day is over
And the robin his vesper carol sings.
Yet I am weary of all earth's gladness—
To-night I am weary and long to be free;
My heart is weighed with a mystic sadness,
And I dream a dream of the life to be."

And in the night when the wind was waving
The tree's torn branches against the pane,
A silence sank with a soft air laving
The flushed hot arms on the counterpane;
And she sudden turned as if a whisper
Had been wafted down from the spheres afar,
By the night breeze that shakes the light of Hesper
And puffs out the flame of the meteor-star.

With a stifled sob she sprang from the pillow,
Drowned in the roar of the rushing spheres;
And her whole life grew like a mighty billow
Till it broke from the being of days and years.
In the morn they found her cold and breathless,—
"A blood-vessel burst!" so the doctor said.
And the old trees sighed at the pane "Life is deathless.
We know where she is, and she is not dead."

JAS. A. TUCKER.

The Reapers.

For Saturday Night.

When the golden flush of Autumn,
And the moon shone bright and fair,
While the voices of the reaper
Echoed on the evening air.

What is this? Adown the meadow,
Clad in simple raiment white,
See! a little child comes toddling,
Fearing not the shades of night.

As she nears the weary reapers,
In amaze they hold their breath,
When she asks in childish treble:
"Please to show me Reaper Death?"

"Too I heard dem say, that Reaper
Death had tooked' paps away,
And I fought dat praps I'd find him
In de field amonst de hay."

But a reaper answered, "Darling,
Paps did not come this way,
But if you're a good wee lassie,
You shall see paps some day."

"In the granaries of Heaven,
Where is stored the golden grain,
When God's ripened sheaves are gathered,
You shall find paps again."

KITTIE CLYDE.

Thro' Time and Bitter Distance.

For Saturday Night.

Unknown to you I walk the cheerless shore,
The cutting blast, the hurl of biting brine
May freeze, and still, and bind the waves at war,
Ere you will ever know, O! heart of mine,
That I have sought reflected in the blue
Of these sea depths, some shadow of your eyes,
Have hoped the laughing winds would sing of you,
But this is all my starving sight descries:

Far out at sea a sail
Bends to the fresh'ning breeze,
Yields to the rising gale
That sweeps the seas.

Yields, as a bird wind-tost't
To salish waves that fling
Their spray whose rime and frost
Like crystals cling.

To canvas, mast and spar,
Till, gleaming like a gem,
She dips beyond the far
Horizon's hem.

Lost to my longing sight,
And nothing left for me,
Save a fast-coming night,
An empty sea.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

No Hope for English Literature.

At the debatin' club last night we all discussed a cure
"For the debilitated state of English lit'rachure."
"The stuff thet's writ for folks," I said, "don't move 'em an delight 'em,
Because the folks who write the things don't know enough to write 'em."

"The folks who write, they stuff their heads in some big cyclopedy,
Which ain't no place for mental food to feed the poor an' needy.
They're huntin' on an em'ty shelf, like poor ol' Mother Hubbard,
An' go right by the open door of Mother Natur's cupboard.

"They crawl into some libery, far from the worl's inspection,
Bury themselves in books beyond all hope of resurrection;
They cry out from their tombs, in which no sun nor star can glisten,
An' weep because the liv'n' worl' don't fin' no time to listen."

Then Elder Pettengell he asked: "Can you suggest a cure
For the debilitated state of English lit'rachure?"
"Ain't none; our authors' ignorance is far too dark for lightin',
While we who know enough to write hain't got no time for writin'."—*Yankee Blade.*

Warm Days in December.

The warmth hangs o'er the naked, bare-limbed woods,
Enamoured in garments of blue haze;
And even the rude mads by the spring-time floods
When that Apollo with his golden rays
Sent melted snow in runlets down the hills
And waterheds, swelling the little streams
To treble their capacity of rills,
Appear like ancient gold with ruddy gleams.
Some vigorous maples yet retain their leaves,
Proud of their mottled dress of fading sheen;
And the slow running brook his way yet weaves
By fir and myrtle, and through sods yet green.
Some migratory birds in cosey nooks yet stay
Where sheltered glades abound and south winds play.

Even a Turkish Bath.

Customer—Will these goods wash?
Epstein (injuredly)—Vash? Vash? Mine frendt, dose goods vould stand a Turkish bath efery morning!—*American Grocer.*

On Shares.

Wilkins—How about that bill you undertook to collect on shares?

Lawyer—You said I could have half of it, didn't you?

"Certainly."

"Well, I've collected my half. Can't get yours."

Noted People.

A brother of George Eliot—J. P. Evans—has just died in England at the age of seventy-four.

Carman Silva says that "men study a woman as they would a barometer; but they do not understand till the day afterward."

Mrs. Bennet Edwards, the authoess, has made a donation of $5,000 to Gen. Booth to further his scheme for the regeneration of Darkest England.

The wife of Count Waldersee is an American and she is the only person at the German court who declines invitations to dances on Sundays, and who is permitted to do so without offence.

Comtesse de Mailly-Nesle, one of the prettiest of Parisian women, is a pretty blonde, with an elegant figure and a queenly carriage. Her hair is of liquid gold, her eyes are blue, and she is an accomplished artist and musician.

Mme. Carnot is said to fulfil her social duties in such a charming way as to merit the praise of aristocrats and republicans alike. The Elysee Palace has become, under her regime, a social center, where princely hospitality is dispensed.

The richest man in the world, if he lives to inherit his patrimony, will be the young Viscount Belgrave, grandson of the Duke of Westminster. By the time he attains his majority, it is estimated that his income will be between ten thousand and twenty thousand dollars a day.

The Pope has been informed that some time ago an Italian lady, Signora Aldimira de Mels, made her will in favor of His Holiness. Her fortune amounted to nearly 5,000,000 lire. She died recently, but her will cannot be found, and as the lady leaves no heirs her money becomes the property of the state.

Mlle. Louise Gautier, a young French girl who was born deaf and dumb, has lately passed the examination at L'Ecole des Beaux Arts, in Paris, with high honors, and received not only her diploma but an appointment as teacher. She has been taught to read the lips and to speak by the Grosselin system.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe, author of many books, and one of the ablest of literary women, is at the age of seventy hard at work both as a writer and a reformer. She is full of health and vigor, which she attributes to her simple diet and regular habits, and gives much time to the Antivivisection Society in London, of which she is president.

Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt owns a magnificent pearl necklace which belonged to the Empress Eugenie and is supposed to be worth two hundred thousand dollars. It is a single row of about forty inches, which she throws around and around her neck until it falls in successive rows to her waist. The average necklace is about fourteen inches.

The death is announced at Twickenham, England, of Elizabeth Lamb Bohn, the widow of the founder of Bohn's Libraries. Her husband started in life with only five thousand dollars capital, but made a large fortune as a bookseller and publisher. About six hundred publications are now included in his libraries. Mrs. Bohn was eighty-nine years old when she died.

Mr. Frederick Tennyson's early efforts as a poet were obscured by the splendor of his younger brother's fame. It is thirty-six years since he published Days and Hours, and we do not know that his voice has been heard since then. At length, as an octogenarian, he has brought out a poem in blank verse as free from indications of intellectual weakness as if it had been written in the prime of life.

Bill Nye, the American humorist, in an after-dinner speech recently said what thousands have thought, but hesitated to say. "Mr. President and gentlemen," said Nye, "I don't mind telling you in confidence that I am tired of being invited to free dinners, only to be called on to make a free speech in payment therefor. It is tiresome, and the compensation is no equivalent for the mental and vocal strain."

Buffalo Bill and Buck Taylor, while in Frankfort, Germany, graced a refined circle with their presence. The lady whom the latter gentleman, attired in faultless evening-dress, took in to dinner remarked, by way of a compliment, "that it was a pity he had not come in the picturesque costume of his native ranch." "Madame," replied the tail-coated cowboy, "if you only care for my clothes, I will send them to you to-morrow."

Frau Sophie Salvanius has written a treatise making a forcible appeal to German women to resist the tendency of woman's education to treat girls exclusively as future housekeepers and mothers. The writer argues that this is an injustice, since no one thinks of educating boys simply to be future householders and fathers. She insists that the modern system of educating women results in cramping women's individuality and in lowering the ideal of life.

Ten years ago the now famous Dr. Koch was an obscure country physician. In 1880 he was called to Berlin as a member of the Metropolitan Sanitary Commission and professor in the Royal School of Medicine, and all his wonderful discoveries have followed since. He has been a fresh and ruddy student, hardly looking his forty-seven years. But he is now described as haggard, thin and feeble, his unresting labors having either broken him down or, as is feared, his constant experiments having infected him with the tuberculous bacillus.

Princess Wilhelmina has been proclaimed Queen of the Netherlands, and is the youngest living sovereign except Alphonso XIII., King of Spain. The little queen is a pretty and intelligent child of ten, who has been brought up with almost Spartan rigor by her conscentious mother. On one occasion when the two were driving together the horses took fright, ran away, and broke the carriage. As soon as another could be procured Queen Emma resumed her drive with the same horses. When a gentleman in waiting ventured to remonstrate, lest the princess should be frightened, her mother replied: "A future queen must not know the meaning of fear. It is for that reason that we go on."

The Gospel of Grace.

THERE is a wonderful power in graceful motion. Bacon declares that "in beauty, that of decent and gracious motion is more than that of favor," and a graceful men, which means simply physical refinement, puts one instantly *en rapport* with any company or individual. It was Ralph Waldo Emerson who wrote:

"What boots is thy virtue,
What profits thy parts,
While one thing thou lackest—
The art of all arts?

"The only credentials,
Passport to success;
Opens castle and parlor—
Address, man, address."

And what the Concord sage called address is but the development and refinement of the entire physical person. As the laws of being are more carefully studied, and the relation of the physical to mental and moral is better understood, the education of the individual will not stop with the training of mental powers only, but seek the culture of every part of the being. The Greeks alone of the people of history have recognized the divinity of the human form. To them the body was something sacred, and it is said that the only time they ever ridiculed it was when, during the Persian war, they saw one day the nude figure of a soldier in the army of Xerxes. Its lack of physical beauty and proportions was to them such a strange, unusual sight that they burst into shouts of derisive laughter. Perfection of the physical was sought by the inhabitants of Hellas by every means that art could suggest. Dancing was cultivated by all classes. Men prominent in matters of state were chosen as leaders in the national dances on conspicuous occasions, and grace in bearing, ease in motion, were marks of beauty. The women of Sparta shared in the athletic sports, and attained a physical development which has remained the envy of the ages. No garments were worn which could fetter the body or rob it in motion of free, sinuous grace. It is after two centuries of bondage to ignorance, asceticism, and superstition that a disease-ridden race inquires why all the statues in the art galleries and the models of grace for the modern Phidias are taken from representations of beauty given to the world hundreds of years ago; and it is because men and women are, through the answer to this query, beginning to understand why that physical culture is attracting attention it has not received before since the time of Lycurgus, 776 years B.C. That the world is still very far from possession of the models which made the men and women of Laconia the admiration of their time, and of all times, needs not to be argued to any one who will stand upon the fashionable boulevard of any modern city and note for a half-hour the physical characteristics of its promenaders. Men and women with narrowed chests, huddled shoulders, stooping forms, pass by in unvarying procession. If a man with kingly bearing or a woman with graceful carriage and buoyant step is by chance seen, it is an anomaly to be noted by all. In truth, it is not uncommon to see people stop upon the public thoroughfare and gaze half-admiringly, half-critically after one who walks with firm step and erect, well-poised body. With such total disregard of the laws of hygiene as the ordinary walk reveals, it is not surprising that men and women are victims of dyspepsia, kidney disease, and numberless other ailments directly traceable to incorrect position of the bodily organs. The cramped position of the lungs, the disarrangement of organs at the waist and abdomen, and the false position of the hip are the cause of most disease incident to women, while throwing the weight on the heels at every step brings the vertebræ of the spine into such constant and violent concussion that backaches and headaches are superinduced. Even the leisurely woman of wealth, with ambition and opportunity to be attractive, walks with the same absence of ease and freedom noticeable in the gait of the hard-working woman. The very effort the former makes to walk erect gives a rigidity to muscle and movement caused in the latter case by severe toil. Another woman seeks to acquire freedom by a general movement of the entire body, with the result of presenting a jerkiness in motion distracting to a nervous looker-on. Yet another, who has somewhere heard that all movement in walking should be from the hips, moves along with a rolling gait suggestive of a sailor recently on shore. An awkward position of the head characterizes the walk of others, and the others are not always the dudes. But is it not strange that this class should hold the head in the same strained, abnormal position in which the tired, nervous brain-worker holds his? The faults of bearing are not peculiar to one class or section, but they all argue want of muscular power, nerve control, and symmetrical development. People grow old and haggard, while they are yet young, through ignorance of physical law. To have good bodies, to possess health, which is the parent of beauty, nature must not be ignored. Most people walk with depressed chest, depressing, in consequence, all the organs of the body. The average woman, weighted down by heavy skirts, fettered by numberless bands, is more faulty in carriage than the average man. Men walk upstairs more gracefully than women do, as a rule; they haven't any skirts to hold up with one hand while they manage half a dozen bundles with the other. Watch half a score of men ascending steps, then watch the same number of women. The men will invariably spring from stair to stair with chest held active, while the women will contort their bodies into the most grotesquely-deformed shapes, and finally reach the upper landing with flushed faces and quick, panting breath. The breathlessness is partly fatigue, but more because of the cramped position of the lungs, perhaps increased by tight clothing. If women would dress properly and ascend stairs with the chest held erect, and the weight of the body thrown upon the ball of the foot, this exercise would prove most beneficial instead of injurious, as it does as at present practised. In descending, as in ascending stairs, the weight should always be on the ball of the foot, and the step should be as light as a mother's by the cradle of her sleeping babe. Correct position of the chest in walking, sitting, and standing is the secret of grace. How awkward is the sitting attitude of the ordinary woman! The one rule to be always observed by the woman who seeks to be graceful is to keep the chest active. It should never be relaxed; the body should bend from the hips, whether one leans forward, backward, or sideways. Holding this part of the body constantly erect gives regal poise to carriage and strength to muscles. To walk correctly, to sit gracefully, to ascend stairs easily, argues good bodily conditions. If, however, lifting the chest is a painful effort, exercises should be taken to strengthen enfeebled powers. Standing, poising, and bending movements are of first importance. The correct standing position is one which most women find it very difficult at first to assume. The chest should be raised, the head held erect, the abdomen drawn in; at first a topping sensation will be produced, and the back will feel uncomfortable, but continued practice of the movement will cause this first unpleasant consciousness to disappear. Poising movements consist in holding the weight of the body on the balls of the feet, and rising and descending for several times in succession, holding the hands, with arms extended, upon an active chest. Other movements throw the weight of the body upon one foot only, while the other, after describing a circle, is held suspended behind the active foot. Excellent practice for acquiring a graceful carriage consists in poising as far forward as possible with the right and left foot alternately, moving across a large room in this manner. Correct walking results from stepping so that the heel shall fall upon the ground at nearly the same time as the toe, and always in a line with it, but with the weight of the body falling on the ball, and the chest leaning so prominently that a line dropped thence to the toe would fall to the toe, while a line dropped from the chest of the person who walks incorrectly would strike the instep. Correct positions in standing and walking are unfailing cures for weak and lame backs. Let any one who doubts this note the pull upon the muscles of the back when correct attitudes are at first assumed. Other excellent exercises for strengthening the muscles of the back are the bending movements. Lifting the arms as high as possible above the head, bend the body at the waist immediately below the floating ribs, and bring the hands gradually to the floor. The knees should be kept firm and the exercise taken directly in front, and also at the right and left sides. Other bending movements are of the waist, and yet others of the head. Nothing gives dignity and grace to bearing more effectively than a regal poise of the head, and the muscles of the neck can be made flexible by practising movements which consist first in dropping the head upon the chest, then backward, then in a series of rolling movements which call into action all the muscles of the neck. The secret of being graceful and the art of being beautiful are easily gained when one begins to study and to obey Nature's laws. The bondage of the body is the bondage of the spirit. Virtue, grace and beauty are the handmaidens of health, and as "there is nothing beautiful but that is also good," according to wise writers, the millennium of happiness for which the world waits will be ushered in when human beings live in harmony with divine law. On this subject a writer in the Chicago *Herald* says: "The girls are apparently trying to rival Carmencita, the famous Spanish dancer who has excited all New York. If you enter their private rooms unawares ten chances to one you will find them in very loose attire, trying to kick a door at a spot a little higher than their heads. Don't let this apparent insanity alarm you—they are only practising the most recommended of all movements for acquiring a long, sliding step and a supple carriage of the figure in walking; besides, the exercise is so violent, having a wonderful effect on the circulation. Rule: Stand on the left foot and kick with the right ten times; then stand on the right and kick with the left. In a week you will be able to kick at least a foot higher than when you began. Don't consider it a semi-vulgar proceeding; it is recommended by lecturers and teachers."—*Mabel Jenness in Frank Leslie's.*

'Varsity Chat.

Prof. Baldwin has brought honor to the university through his success as an author. His Handbook of Psychology is being eagerly sought after and will be translated into French and German. The study psycho-physics has made a rapid bound since the appearance of the Handbook. The great German thinkers of whom we hear so much have been caught napping by Mr. Baldwin and they are now anxious to read his principles of psychology.

*

Last week in debate at Wycliffe College it was decided that the official use of the French language in Canade should be discontinued. Mr. N. W. Hoyles, Q.C., presided during the discussion.

*

On Thursday night of last week the Wycliffe College students entertained the men of university residence with an oyster banquet. A glowing time was spent in songs, speeches and recitations. As a consequence of the banquet some of the residers may take up the study of theology.

*

The banquet of our medical brethren in the Rossin House, last Thursday night, was a great success. How could it be otherwise! When the 'Varsity boys undertake anything they do not either believe in or practice "half-way doin's."

*

How time does spin along! It is but three short years since our seniors were freshmen, and yet, what a chasm between the two classes! The seniors attended an At Home at Sir Daniel Wilson's last Friday night. How their minds must have looked back to the time when they had entered the University mid shouts of "cheek freshie!" Doubtless they peered into the future and heard themselves loudly applauded as they were receiving their degrees. They are glad because the 'Varsity struggle with them will soon be at an end. Our shadows darken the corridors for a time; we pass out, and the sounds of hurrying feet rising to our ears assure us that our places are being filled by new generations, and we must press on to the great struggle of practical life.

*

When Mr. A. T. Kirkpatrick sets his room in residence in order for the Christmas holidays he will call around him the residers who are in the fourth year in arts, and as his guests during the festive season they will accompany him to Kingston.

*

Mr. A. P. Northwood has returned from the training institute, Hamilton, and is now attending lectures in honor fourth year moderns.

*

Miss G. Lawler, B.A., and Miss L. L. Ryckman, B.A., both brilliant graduates, have secured situations as teachers, the former in the Collegiate Institute, Stratford, and the latter in the High School, Norwood.

*

Mr. C. J. McNamara, M.B., of the class of '89, is at present in Calgary, having gone there to "look after" an outbreak of typhoid fever.

DRAX ALEEN.

One Phase of City Life.

In tracing girls who mysteriously disappear from their homes, private detectives find the most and more profitable of their work. In New York, it is assumed that at least five thousand girls disappear from their homes every year. Some of them are recovered and some are not. The causes leading to the disappearances are as numerous as the cases themselves. Disappointment in love, a fancied wrong severity of treatment by parents, a desire to see the world, the evil influences of improper association, the oily-tongued *roue* and temporary insanity are some of the excuses made. Then there is another class of disappearance which properly come under the head of kidnaping, and still another, where the parents are at loggerheads or have separated, and one side or the other steals the child, and in nearly every case, strange as it may seem, the child is a girl.

His Authority.

"I caught a little boy fish yesterday," said Tommy.

"A little what?"

"A little boy fish. Papa said it was a son fish."—*Harper's Young People.*

A Master Hand.

"Did the plumber come down to inspect the pipe this morning?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He said there was nothing the matter, but he could very soon remedy that."—*New York Sun.*

A Practical Poet.

Cora—How is it you burn the midnight oil?

Tubbs—My landlady turns out the gas at ten o'clock.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Four Views of Uncle Pothwaite's Educated Ears.

Normal.

Listening for the dinner horn.

Angry with Aunt Mandy.

During the new minister's call.

—*Judge.*

The Letter That Never Came.

Barney (making a futile effort to write to Bridget)—Feth, dthis pincil would be an illigant wan to wroite saycrets wid; it makes no mark at all.—*Puck.*

Rector's Wife—You ought to avoid even the appearance of evil. Do you, yourself, think the girls who dance are right?

Belle of the Parish—They must be. I know the girls who don't dance are always left.—*Life.*

The Mystery of the Panelled House

A ROMANCE.

By EVERETT GREEN

Author of "My Grave," "Mistress Cicily," Etc.

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CHAPTER XVI.

MERVYN'S APPOINTMENT.

Lord Mervyn stood on the terrace of Eagle's Crag at three o'clock the following afternoon, looking over the familiar landscape with the shadow of an undefined misgiving upon his face. He was leaning upon the stone balustrade, in one of his idle, indolent attitudes, yet the expression of his face betokened anything but vacuity of mind.

It was a clear, bright January day; frost in the steely blue sky above, and in the hard, crisp ground beneath. His eyes gazed over a wide stretch of very beautiful country. He looked round at it, and then at the fine old house behind him, and there was a tinge almost of sadness in his smile.

"I am fond of the old place," he said, half aloud, then pulling himself together with a short laugh, he added, "I believe I am growing superstitious after all. Fancy at my time of life thinking seriously of a dream! It all comes of these everlasting hints and warnings which I am perfectly sick of. As if I should let myself be hindered by them!"

Mervyn smiled in a different way that time, moved slowly along the terrace with his hands in his pockets, still muttering to himself in a disjointed fashion.

"It's a difficult thing altogether meeting Sainsbury himself. I do not could that see his past errors, and really go to work in a different fashion, one might still keep him on the place. He has his value, if one knows how to abuse the trust one puts in him. I should be very glad to get things settled on a sound basis; and of course it is quite to his interest to wish it, too."

Mervyn paused and looked at his watch.

"Plenty of time. I suppose Cedric would tell me not to go, or to go armed," he smiled languidly. "Poor old Cedric! Met him there last time. Wonder when I shall see him again. It's an odd world, and odd changes come to us in it. Well, well, I suppose I must not complain. I have had the best of everything up till lately. And his luck really seems changing at last. He's a prime favorite at home—no danger of being supplanted by Jock just now; and he has Corona's heart as fast as any man ever had yet."

Mervyn heaved an involuntary sigh, then pulled himself short.

"That folly is over for ever. I might have known from the first that a girl like that always must have the instinct to choose out the best. Like seeks like. Always did. I would not have it otherwise if I could. What is, is best; they deserve their happiness. When I can do so safely, I will show myself their friend."

He threw back his head with the air of a man who makes a resolution, and still paced onwards in the frosty sunshine.

"And to day I will go—a truce to all foolish presentiments! As if it mattered much one way or the other. There will be time to call on Patricia first. I will just look in upon her on the chance of finding her in, and then go on and keep the appointment. A promise is a promise, and I said I would be there."

He descended the terrace steps, and then paused as if in hesitation.

"It seems absurd," he said; "but perhaps it would be better. People cannot then cast it in my teeth that I am needlessly reckless."

He turned in the direction of the stack-yard, and told a lad to call Adams, his one special groom, who had been many years in his service.

"Adams," said the viscount, when the man appeared, "I want you to meet me at four o'clock at the gate leading into the lower copse."

"Very good, my lord; shall I bring the horses?"

"No, I only want you. You can bring a good stout stick if you wish. I want you to know what I want you for when we meet there."

Mervyn then strode off in the direction of Patricia's house, and found both her and her brother at home. He would have been better pleased had his hostess been alone; but he and Gerald were on very friendly terms, and he could not reasonably complain of his luck.

Gerald was still rather full of the billiard match, talk about which was by no means over yet. He was anxious to know Mervyn's real opinion on the subject, and the Viscount was just one of those people who could parry a question, and say as much or as little as he wished without giving one atom of enlightenment to his interlocutor, whilst he had every appearance of frankness in his answers.

"Do you think he really wished to pick a quarrel with you?"

"He would be a clever fellow if he succeeded. I never yet had the energy to quarrel with anyone."

"It was so unlike Cedric. But, then, if it's jealousy, as people say, there's no accounting for what he might say or do."

"Just so."

"You think then that he is seriously angry—that he wished to pick a quarrel?"

"I think he did it very neatly—couldn't have done it better myself."

"People say we have not heard the last of it yet."

"People are very acute."

Gerald looked at him searchingly, but the viscount's eyes were half shut, and he could make nothing out of his answers.

"The Musgrave blood is very hot when roused, Mervyn," he said; "especially in that branch. You will do well to be cautious."

"I flatter myself I always am."

"I wish you were," said Patricia and Gerald in a breath.

"I assure you I take every care of my precious self. I have not met Mr. Cedric Musgrave since that eventful day. If he has been dogging my steps with murderous intent, he has been singularly unsuccessful, so far."

"Bosh, Mervyn!" said Gerald, impatiently; "you turn everything into ridicule. I only hope some day you won't repent it."

"I don't think repentance is much in my line. I take things as they come," said Mervyn, pulling himself slowly to his feet. "Well, I must be off now, I have an appointment to keep. I think you'll hear one of these fine days that things have passed their crisis and smoother again. Good-bye, Patricia!" He held her hand in his rather long, looking down at her with a glance that brought the warm color to her face. "Perhaps I will come back here for a cup of tea when my business is over."

"Do," she answered heartily. He smiled and let go her hand, nodded to Gerald and strolled slowly away, Patricia looking after him with a sudden light in her eyes.

"I never can quite make that fellow out," said Gerald. "I wish I knew now what he and Cedric were got up to some mischief. I don't altogether like the perfectly cool way he took the insult. Leaves an impression behind that he means to settle the difference another way."

"Nonsense, Gerald; duelling days are passed."

"Possibly; but the spirit which actuated the combatants is by no means obsolete; and then Mervyn and Cedric have lived much abroad, where a little more latitude is allowed."

"If I talked like that, Gerald, you would call me a silly woman, full of a woman's foolish fancies. You know you would."

"I don't know. Anyway, it would never surprise me to hear of ill blood between those two."

Mervyn walked away from the house with his usual deliberation. Once he turned back and looked long at the quaint, picturesque building about which so many pleasant associations lingered.

"I wonder when I shall see it again," was the rather peculiar thought in his mind, seeing that he had proposed returning there for five o'clock tea that same afternoon.

The sun had by this time got high up in the sky, and heavy masses of cloud drifting up in the west had completely obscured it and rendered very dark and dreary the wintry woodland paths. The dead leaves crackled freshly beneath his fierce tread; the rising wind moaned in the bare branches overhead. Altogether the place looked drear and dark, and haunted, and the whole air seemed full of whispered moanings. More than once Mervyn felt disposed to turn homewards, and make a fresh appointment with the people who desired speech of him; but there was Adams waiting at the gate, and Mervyn had a strong constitutional aversion to being turned back from any purpose he had in hand, or for failing to keep his plighted word.

"It is all superstitious nonsense," he said sharply to himself. "It all comes from dabbling in those musty old tomes after magic, and exercising my mesmeric powers again. I shall end by affect my nerves a little. I know I am best without dipping into occult science."

So he strode on with great resolution, and in due course met his trusty servant at the gate.

"Look here, Adams," he said, as they walked out together, "I've got an appointment to meet Saintsbury and one or two others at Clayton's old cottage here. I've brought you, because people have talked so much nonsense about traps and dangers, and rubbish of that kind, that I mean to show them I don't mean to fall a prey to any of their threats, and that I take more care of myself than I am credited with."

"Very good, my lord. I'm glad of it, I'm sure."

"So that's why I've brought you. I believe this is all genuine enough, for it was in Saintsbury's writing, and he wanted it kept a secret from his more violent coadjutors. What I want you to do is this. Just linger about some twenty or thirty yards from the cottage, where you will not be seen, but where you will hear a call from me; and keep both your eyes and ears open. If you see Saintsbury or anybody respectable coming, or even a dirty little fellow in a skin cap, you need not take any special notice, for they are all right enough; but, of course, if you see any of those fellows who have been blustering and threatening all these weeks, come hanging round in any suspicious way, you can just let me know. We will act as we think best."

"Quite so, my lord. You may trust me."

"I know I may, but don't let yourself be seen without cause. I do not wish to appear suspicious, and as a matter of fact I'm not."

"Very good, my lord. I understand. I brought a pistol with me too. Will your lordship please to take it?"

Mervyn laughed, keeping his hands still in his pockets.

"No thank you, Adams. Keep your weapon yourself. I have no wish for it."

"It might be safer, my lord."

"If I want it I will sing out. You will not be out of hearing; but understand that I have not the least apprehension. I merely bring you and talk thus out of consideration to the feelings of some kindly nervous people who would be greatly disturbed at the idea of my keeping this appointment did they but know of it, which no one does."

"Well, my lord, it's as you wish. I'll not be far away. Shall I come inside with you?"

"No thanks. I would rather meet them alone. I shall light a candle—there are some there—so you will be able to see quite well through the uncurtained window. Use your own discretion, but don't let anyone see you needlessly."

"Did you say a man in a moleskin cap, my lord?" questioned Adams, as he strode along the woodland path in the direction of the cottage.

"Yes; do you know him?"

"No, my lord; but I heard tell of him as one of the worst of the whole crew as is so bent on mischief. If he were to appear, I should feel great satisfaction in putting a bullet into him."

"Nonsense, Adams; he seems a quiet and respectable little fellow. He brought me Saintsbury's letter, and talked with a good deal of proper feeling. I fear he has any hand in this matter at all, he is trying to get things on to a better footing; but I have no idea who he can be, nor why he interests himself in the matter at all."

"Just so, my lord. Nobody does know anything about him. That is what is so odd. He don't belong to these parts, and not a soul in the place knows who he is or his business."

"Well, if he knows it himself that is the great thing," answered the viscount carelessly; and then master and man strode on in silence through the crackling underwood, to a lonely spot, where in a small clearing, much overgrown and encroached upon of late, stood a small deserted cottage leading in complete isolation in the heart of the wood.

CHAPTER XVII.

DISCOVERY.

"Where is Mervyn?" asked Lord Doversfield, as he glanced round the dinner-table before taking his seat and observed the absence of his eldest son.

"I don't know," answered Mildred. "He did not say he was going to dine out. Perhaps he came in late?" and she glanced at the butler.

"Lord Mervyn has not come in yet, my lady," he said.

"When did he go out?"

An inquiry from the servants elicited the information that his lordship had gone out shortly after three o'clock, directing Adams to meet him at the gate of the farther plantation at four. It was supposed from the direction in which he himself had wa ked off that he was going first to Heruc Hollow. Adams had gone off to keep his appointment, but had not returned. A little vague anxiety was felt amongst some of the men from the fact of the ill-feeling abroad, and also because Adams had openly expressed it as his opinion that there might be something of a shindy in prospect, and had armed himself with a pistol.

On hearing of the rendezvous place near to the lonely cottage, Keith started to his feet.

"I shall go and look for them," he said, "tell some of the men to come with me."

Both Lord Doversfield and his daughter were uneasy; yet the look on Keith's face startled them, and Mildred turned very pale.

"Oh, Keith, what is it?"

"I don't know; but I mean to find out. Don't be frightened, Mildred—it may be nothing."

"He may be at Patricia's, he often goes there."

"I will call in on my way," said Keith, and he was gone before more could be said.

Giving hasty directions that the constables should be summoned and in readiness to meet him at the cross road from the village to the wood, Keith dashed across to Herne Hollow, on the chance of picking up information there.

What he heard only served to increase his apprehensions. Mervyn had been there early in the day, had left to keep an appointment, had promised to return to tea, and had not kept his word. Patricia's face grew white as she heard K ith's half expressed doubts of his brother's safety, and when Gerald rose and said he should accompany the party, she only longed to do the same; but in lieu of gratifying a wish she knew to be impracticable, she declared she should go up to Eagle's Crag to stay with Mildred till the anxiety about the visconut was allayed, and Keith was grateful to her for the suggestion.

"What do you really suspect?" asked Gerald as the two young men hurried along in the darkness, followed by two of Patricia's men servants, and later on by a couple of village constables, and quite a large following of servants from Eagle's Crag.

"I hardly know if it amounts to more than a suspicion; but I should not be in the least surprised to find that some kind of attack had been made upon him. I have had warnings about the ill feeling in the place, and so has he; and latterly there has been a new influence at work stirring up the people. I have a shrewd suspicion that it arises from our friends of the Towers."

"Surely not!"

"I cannot be certain; yet I have my suspicions. I have done everything in my power to rouse Mervyn to some alarm; but you know what he is."

"I do, indeed. Patricia and I spoke of it only to-day, when he was with us, and were laughed at for our pains. Where are you going?"

"To a certain lonely cottage, where I have reason to believe that my brother might be committed. I told Mervyn never to go there alone."

"He was not alone to-night. You say he had Adams."

"That he had. Looks as if he suspected something himself."

And then in silence the little body of men strode hastily through the dark wood; and the silence was only broken once by Gerald, who asked:

"Should we not have brought a surgeon?"

"It might have been better; but I think I shall be equal to the occasion if anything of the kind is needed."

"Ah, true; I forgot."

As they approached the cottage they saw that a light gleamed in the window. There was a little pause, and the two young men and the constables moved forward together very softly and cautiously. One of the latter crept up to the window and looked in.

"There has been foul play!" he cried, the moment he had done so. "They have murdered Lord Mervyn!"

Keith's hand was upon the door; the next instant it was flung open, revealing to his horrified eyes his brother lying to all appearances dead, in a pool of blood.

Next moment he and Gerald were bending over the prostrate figure, while the constables, cautioning all the rest to keep back for a few minutes, were taking notes of the exact position of the body and of everything else in the room.

Evidences of a struggle were visible in several ways, notably in the torn and disarranged condition of the viscount's clothes. Keith had ripped up the coat sleeve in a second, and discloned to view a gaping ghastly wound extending from the elbow to the wrist, sawing even the bone itself. The excessive hemorrhage that had followed such a wound was testified to by the condition of the floor, which was literally soaked with blood. Gerald had not the faintest hope that any spark of life could remain after that profuse bleeding, and the fact that the wound had ceased longer to bleed convinced him still further that life was extinct. But Keith, who had bound the arm up with pocket handkerchiefs and had made a light ligature above the elbow with a pad placed upon the artery, now laid his ear against his brother's chest, and declared that the heart yet beat, although the pulsations were so faint that they could only just be detected.

Patricia had put a flask of brandy in her brother's pocket before he started, and some of this was bathed upon the viscount's temples and lips, whilst efforts of a like kind were made to restore suspended animation and bring back the circulation and respiration that had long been suspended.

"It is the dead faint that has saved him if he is saved," said Keith; "nothing else could have stopped that bleeding. I dare not have tried to bring him round now if I were not certain that artery was stopped."

So engrossed were the two young men over the very critical state in which Lord Mervyn had been found that they had not noticed the excitement in another quarter, which had drawn off general attention for the moment, even from the scene of the cottage.

Next to the moment one of the men looked in, with a pale, scared face to say:

"Please, sir, would you come and look at poor Adams here. He's lying just outside the door—stabbed—and he looks as if he were dead, but maybe you'll be able to put some life into him."

Keith looked up, and laying his brother's head upon Gerald's knee, went out into the darkness to where a gleam from the constable's lantern marked the spot of the second tragedy.

Poor Adams was undoubtedly dead; the stiffening had already set in, and no skill was of any avail in his case. Keith looked at him, felt his limbs, and shook his head gravely. Keith had studied medicine for some years, enough without any definite idea of practicing, and he was looked upon as a qualified authority.

"Odd thing here is that there's no sign of a struggle," said the policeman. "It's like as if he'd been stabbed to the heart as he was standing. Even his face isn't changed—it's as quiet-like as if he'd fallen asleep. Couldn't have been struck from behind; and he came out with the idea there might be mischief, or he didn't seem as if he would likely have been taken unawares."

But Keith could not linger there.

"Lord Mervyn must be taken home at once," he said. "Take a gate off its hinges—anything. There is no time to lose. One of you go forward and have Mr. Hunt on the spot by the time we get him there. Don't alarm the ladies more than you can help; but Lord Mervyn's room must be made ready for him. As for poor Adams, you must settle about him, constable. I can do nothing for him, nor any surgeon in the world."

And he strode back to the cottage, whilst another exclamation from those about showed that some additional discovery had been made.

Mervyn was alive, and that was all that could be said. Gerald hoped he had swallowed a few drops of brandy, but could not be certain. The death-like unconsciousness still continued; the only real advance which a fatal hemorrhage could be felt in the region of the heart, which pulsation was stronger and less faint than it had been ten minutes before.

Gerald had taken from the pocket of the viscount a piece of paper that was peeping out, and now he handed it to Keith. It was a note from Cedric Musgrave to Mervyn, asking him at the cottage that very afternoon. Keith read it, made no comment, and replaced the paper where it had been before. His face looked as if carved in marble; for the first time Gerald saw him a likeness to his brother, and wondered if the young man might not be in the very truth Lord Mervyn before another day had passed.

"If you please, sir," said the constable at the door, "the men have taken down a gate and have covered it with their coats to take his lordship home; and we have found the knife that stabbed poor Adams, and wounded his lordship, too."

Both young men turned to look, and their eyes fell up n a keen bright blade covered with blood, and an inlaid haft that was not unfamiliar to either. Keith could now recall in whose hands he had seen it lately; but a strange expression crossed Gerald's face.

"Take care of it, constable," he said. "It may be identified before the inquest."

Meantime, at Eagle's Crag, Mildred had been going through a period of intense anxiety. Lord Doversfield, though disconposed and fidgety, was not seriously uneasy, and dinner proceeded in its rather ponderous way much as usual. Cicely tried to divert her friend's attention, and Lady Barbara was not in the least disposed to share her niece's fancies. Mervyn was not the most punctual or dependable of mortals in ordinary life. He often absented himself from meals before without warning, and she saw no reason to make a fuss now.

The discovery of Patricia in the drawing-room, and the visible state of anxiety and alarm that she was in, effectually aroused all Mildred's latent fears; and the girls sat together upon the sofa holding their breath and listening intently for sounds from without, hardly daring to compare fears, till a loud ring at the great door bell caused them all to start violently.

"I shall go," said Mildred. "Come, Patricia, I am sure it is something."

They both went out together; but only to encounter Mr. Hunt, the clever young surgeon lately settled in the neighborhood, who had some acquaintance with K ith, though he had never been called in to see anyone at the earl's house.

"Oh, Mr. Hunt," cried Mildred, in terror, "what is the matter?"

"That is what I have come to learn, Lady Mildred. Where is Lord Mervyn?"

"I don't know. Oh, tell me what has happened. You have heard something!"

"I was sent for in haste not twenty minutes ago, by a man who came running with the news that Lord Mervyn had been hurt in some kind of affray in the wood—poachers I presumed—and that I was wanted here to a send him. I know is really all I know. Pray do not alarm yourself so much! It may be a mere trifle. Ah! I think I hear steps outside—"

The butler had been even quicker; he had the door wide open, and luckily it was wide enough to admit the bearers with their heavy load. The girls shrank a little into the background, and clung to each other as if for support. Keith looked at the surgeon for directions.

"Lay him down here," was the order, and the next moment the apparently lifeless form was extended on a wide couch near to the glowing blaze of the great hall fire. The surgeon had seen by the glance he had obtained of the death-like face that there was not a moment to lose.

Then Patricia came forward; her face was very pale, yet she was quite composed. It was she who saw in a moment what was needed: warm rugs, of which the couches and lounges in the hall afforded abundance, and the strongest restoratives that could be procured. Mr. Hunt blessed her in his heart for her quickness and comprehension, for every moment was of importance. That death-like swoon had already lasted long enough to endanger life itself, and unless animation of some kind could be restored, there was likely to pass into syncope and death i self.

Gerald stood bes de Mildred, telling her the story; and supporting her half unconsciously at the same time, for she felt so sick that she could hardly stand. Lord Doversfield paced about in deepest anxiety and distress, talking to the men clustered together in the background, asking questions of the constables, and and going again and again to look at his son's face and turned sharply away with something like a groan. As for Lady Barbara and Cicely they had gone upstairs to superintend the operations of the housekeeper there, and to see that the patient's room was in perfect readiness to receive him.

At last the efforts of the doctor and Keith were in some measure successful; the profound unconsciousness yielded to a slight warmth and other restoratives, a waxen whiteness replaced the livid blue tint which had given to the face its corpse-like look, and the lowest sigh could be heard to come once more through the parted lips. He could swallow now the strong stimulants with which he was constantly filled, and at length a deep drawn sigh betokened a return to life that there was no mistaking.

The strain of intense anxiety was for a moment relaxed, the critical state of the viscount's state, and doubtful as was his recovery, the danger of immediate dissolution was for the moment over. The surgeon's orders were that he was to remain where he was for some hours, and then be taken upstairs, and he would remain with him through the night.

There was no fear of voices disturbing him. He was not likely to return to consciousness for some considerable time; and as soon as the immediate pressure of anxiety had passed, all tongues were unloosed in the eagerness to know what had occurred, and who was the author of the crime.

Patricia became kept her station beside Mervyn. She seemed to have no thought to spare from him. She continued quietly the treatment for restoring consciousness that had already produced such favorable results, and it was only as in a dream that she heard what passed around her. Once she fancied his lips moved. She bent her head close to them and listened. Was it only her fancy that she caught the faintly breathed words:

"Cedric—quickly too—if possible?"

She could not be certain, yet she started with a vague thrill of dismay. The sound of Lord Doversfield's voice asking imperious questions around her first brought to her a knowledge of what was passing. He was holding something up in his hand.

"Does anyone know to whom this knife belongs?"

Patricia for once was off her guard.

"That knife? Why yes, it belongs to Cedric Musgrave. He always carries it with him."

Lord Doversfield's voice rang out once more in a tone that none of his auditors ever forgot.

"Then Cedric Musgrave is the would-be murderer of my son."

(To be Continued.)

Not in Harmony.

"See here, Cully, if you don't stop that pullin' on my neck one of the heads of this double-headed wonder will get punched after this show is over."—*Texas Siftings.*

She Had Failed.

Bobby (at breakfast table)—Clara, did Mr. Spooner take any of the umbrellas or hats from the hall last night?

Clara—Why, of course not; why should he?

Bobby—That's what I'd like to know. I thought he did, 'cos I heard him say when he was going out, 'I'm going to steal just one,' and—why, what's the matter, Clara?—*Boston Herald.*

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HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

VIOLET'S CUNNING LITTLE SCHEME.

"Bah," Violet continued, after musing a while, "Wilhelm must not be allowed to suspect that I have discovered his secret. He will probably miss the letter, and come back here to look for it. If he finds it in the chair, he will naturally suppose that it could not have escaped my eyes; he will ask me if I have read it—I am a good liar, and I do not want to answer any such question. What shall I do with it? I wonder if he would dare to find it somewhere else, and then he would not be likely to think that I have seen it."

While she was considering what disposition to make of it, her glance was attracted to the door through which her brother-in-law had just passed.

It had shrunk badly and sagged, so that there was quite a wide crack over the top.

"I will slip it through that crack," Violet said, her face lighting; "it will fall into the hall, and he will think that he dropped it in going out."

Suiting the action to the word, she drew a chair to the door, and, mounting upon it, shoved the envelope through the space with considerable force.

It dropped about midway of the hall outside, and Violet was glad that she had acted with so much promptness, for, not many minutes later, she heard Mr. Mencke's step upon the stairs.

Evidently he was in search of the letter, for she heard him mutter something about "carelessness 'as he picked it up, after which he went directly below again.

"Now what can I do to get away from here?" Violet said to herself, as she heard him pass out of the house, "for get out I must and will."

There were three doors in the room—one leading into the hall, another into the room where Sarah slept, and another opening into a bathroom. There was no outlet from the bathroom, excepting through her chamber, and of course both of the other doors were carefully locked every time any one passed in or out.

There were two windows, but both were nailed down securely.

She might, she thought, write a letter to Mr. Lawrence, break a hole in one of the windows, and throw it out. But she could have no assurance that the missive would ever reach her friend—it would be far more liable to fall into Wilhelm Mencke's hands than into the banker's, while, if it did not, her captors, upon finding the window broken, would suspect why it had been done, and would probably change her place of imprisonment at once; besides, the weather was too cold to live in a room with broken windows.

Sarah was very cautious, and never neglected to lock both doors when she had occasion to open them, although she left the keys upon the outside, knowing, of course, that there was no way for Violet to get at them.

"I have heard that burglars sometimes turn a key from the outside of a door, by using a pair of long, slender nippers," Violet said, as she caught sight of the end of the key in the lock; "in that the difficulty in my case would be to get possession of the nippers, and even if I could get out of this room, I might not be able to get out of the house, without being seen by Sarah or Wilhelm."

She glanced out of her window just then and noticed a man working upon the roof of a house opposite. He was apparently repairing some leak, and, having nothing more interesting to do, she watched him for nearly an hour.

He completed his task at last, and then raising a scuttle covering, he let himself through the aperture and disappeared from sight.

"I wonder if there is a scuttle in the roof of this house," Violet mused; "if there is I could get out that way, then I could perhaps slip into some other house by some scuttle and so escape into the street. The first and most important step, however, will be to get out of this room."

This problem continued to puzzle her for several days without any possible solution suggesting itself.

At last, however, one morning, after Sarah had removed her breakfast tray, she went into the bath room to wash her hands and, while thus engaged, her glance chanced to rest upon one of the pipes which supplied her bowl with water and she saw that a line of moisture was slowly trickling down its length.

Following this up with her eye she could see the point where it started and knew that there must be the tiniest possible hole there or the water could not ooze out.

Long usage had doubtless worn the lead pipe thin in the leaking spot, and suddenly a bright idea occurred to her.

"I will make that hole larger," she said to herself. "That will necessitate a visit from a plumber, when I can tell him my story and persuade, or perhaps bribe him to help me to get away."

She drew her penknife from her pocket and, climbing upon a chair, began to scrape gently around the hole in the pipe.

Presently the water began to flow more freely and after darkening the spot with some moistened dirt from the floor, she left it. She did not wish to do too much, for fear of exciting suspicion regarding her purpose.

Every little while, however, she would run into the bath room to watch the flow and was delighted to see the little pools that were collecting about the bowl and upon the floor.

When Sarah came up to replenish the fire and sweep the hearth, she remarked in an offhand way, though her color was a little brighter than usual:

"Sarah, I noticed that one of the pipes in the bath room was leaking this morning—did you hear it?"

"No," replied the woman, and then muttering something about an "old trap of a house," she went to look for herself.

"I should think there was a leak," she said, returning a moment later, "it'll be bigger, too, after many hours and then we shall be afloat."

She retired out of the room and a moment later Violet heard her talking with Mr. Mencke in the hall below.

She stole into the bath-room to take another look at the mischief she had done, and found that the ooze or drip had now become quite a stream, shooting out directly from the pipe with considerable force.

With a feeling of exultation in her heart she slipped back to her seat by the window, and appeared to be deeply absorbed in her book when her brother-in-law walked into her room to ascertain the extent of the damage Sarah had reported.

He did not look remarkably amiable, when a few moments later, he hurried out to seek a plumber.

He returned in the course of half an hour accompanied by quite a respectable appearing man, whom he conducted directly to the scene of disaster, where he left him, and then, calling Sarah to come and stay with Violet, he told her that he should not return to dinner and immediately hurried from the house.

Violet was delighted with this arrangement, for it seemed to suit the purpose well, and, thinking that it would be best to make the most of her time, she turned with sudden resolution to her companion and said:

"Sarah, you have been very good to me since I have been here, and I should be sorry to do anything to cause you trouble; but I am bound to look after my own interests, and I am going to tell this man how I happen to be here, throw myself upon his protection, and beg him to help me back to my friends."

The woman, instead of looking terrified at this bold announcement, as Violet expected she would, gave vent to a hearty laugh, as if greatly amused.

"Law, Miss Violet," she said at last, as she wiped the tears from her eyes, "you may talk to that man until you are hoarse; it won't do your cause one bit of good, for he is deaf and dumb."

Violet's heart sank like lead in her bosom at this unexpected intelligence, and she remembered now that she had heard no conversation between the two men while they were together in the bathroom.

She was bitterly disappointed, for it seemed as if all her planning had been for naught.

But presently her spirit arose to meet even this emergency.

"Then I shall write what I want to say to him—I am bound, Sarah, that I will not let this opportunity pass. I am desperate, and I will stop at nothing now to regain my freedom."

"No, miss, you will not write a single line," Sarah replied, calmly, but with equal decision, "for the moment you touch your pencil I shall put you in the other room, cold as it is, and tie your hands. I imagine your brother suspected you might be inclined to make mischief, and that is why he brought this dumb Jack here."

"Oh, Sarah! why won't you be good and help me?" Violet pleaded, in a despairing tone, and realizing, all too late, that she should have done her writing on the sly and said nothing.

"You shall be handsomely paid, and I will always be your friend."

"It's no use to wheedle—I sha'n't break my oath," Sarah said, sharply. Then she added, in a kinder tone, "It's hard luck for you, I own, miss, but my orders are to look after you close to day—and I'll be jiggered!" she interposed, with sudden energy, the term being one she sometimes used when laboring under excitement, "if I don't believe that you made that hole in the pipe a purpose."

Violet assumed a look of mingled indignation and injured innocence at this charge, but she made no reply to it, for she was strict adherence to truth would not permit her to deny it.

She went back to her window and took up her book again, as if she was oblivious of the futility of her purpose and had made up her mind to submit to the inevitable.

But she could not read a word: her eyes were full of bitter tears, and she had to struggle hard to keep them from falling, for her pride would not let her break down before this relentless accomplice of her wretched captor.

She still had the faint gleam of hope, however.

She had noticed, as the plumber passed through the room that he carried a box of tools, and remembering the burglar's idea of turning a key with a pair of nippers, she resolved before he went away to see if there was not something among them that would answer her purpose.

She appeared to take no further notice of the man after that, although he had to pass in and out several times; she did not even look up from her book, and Sarah began to congratulate herself that she had thoroughly subdued her charge for that time.

The dinner hour came, and the job in the bathroom was not completed—there was evidently more to be done than was at first supposed—and the dumb man went away to refresh and fortify himself for the work of the afternoon.

As soon as he was gone Sarah disappeared to the lower regions, intent upon preparing something unusually tempting for her fair captive, to make up for her harshness toward her during the morning.

The moment her footsteps sounded in the hall below, Violet quietly slipped into the bath room and began to look over the box of tools which the plumber had left there.

She thought that he must be a Jack-at-all-trades, for there were all sorts of implements in it, and to her great joy, she found not less than three pairs of pincers of different sizes.

Selecting the smallest of these, she concealed them in her pocket and then went back to her window with a thrill of triumph in her heart.

When Sarah brought up her dinner she ate it with evident relish, and chatted so pleasantly meanwhile, that the woman regretted more than ever having been so harsh with her.

The dumb plumber returned about one o'clock, and before three his work was finished, and he took his final departure.

He did not seem to miss the pincers that lay so snugly concealed in Violet's pocket, although she had been very nervous while he was there, fearing that he would inquire for them. She felt guilty, too, for having stolen them, but she hoped sometime that she would be able to make up his loss to him. And now she only awaited an opportunity to test their usefulness.

Every Tuesday afternoon Sarah usually went to a to do the washing for her own family, and Violet was then left alone in the house for several hours.

Generally she was very lonely and nervous upon these occasions, but after gaining possession of the pincers, she could hardly wait for Tuesday to come, and when it did, it seemed as if Sarah would never get off, for she was so anxious to try the experiment of turning the key in the lock.

At last she heard her go out, and knew that she would not return until nearly six o'clock. She had heard Wilhelm go out, also, directly after dinner, and, for the first time during her imprisonment, she was glad to be alone in the house.

She immediately began to experiment upon her key. She imagined that it would be comparatively easy thing to turn it, but she found, to her disappointment, that it resisted all her efforts; she would get it about half-turned, when the spring of the lock would force it back into its former position.

For more than two hours she worked, until her fingers and arms ached, and her courage was about expended; but at last, by a dexterous movement, she turned the key completely around, and her way from the room was clear.

Opening the door she found herself in a long and narrow hall, shabby in the extreme from marred paint and torn paper; the floor carpetless, the ceiling grimy and hung with cobwebs, while at the farther end there was a window, several of the panes of which had been broken and the holes pasted over with thick brown paper.

Approaching this, Violet looked out upon a row of untidy back-yards; other back-yards, belonging to another row of houses, joined these, and all the dwellings seemed to be alike in that vicinity.

Glancing at the roofs, which were flat, she saw that there were arrangements upon them for hanging out clothes, and surmised that there must be scuttles leading out upon them.

Retracing her steps and going to the opposite end of the hall, she found there a staircase leading up into another story. Mounting these she came to a hall similar to the one below, and another very steep flight of stairs that led directly to a scuttle—a circumstance which she noted with a thrill of joy.

She crept carefully up to the top, and found that the cover to the scuttle was fastened only by a flat strip of iron about three feet long, in which there were several slots, for a bolt, so that it could be raised high or low at will.

She tried it, and found it opened very easily.

Going up a couple of steps more, she put her head out of the opening and looked about her.

She saw a continuous roof for a long distance, with scuttles at intervals, and a perfect network of clothes-lines above, upon some of which clothes were flapping in the wind.

There would be considerable risk, she thought, to try to escape by the way of this roof, still she believed that she would find an open scuttle somewhere, through which she would make her entrance to another house, when she would trust to her native tact to get out upon the street.

The day was cloudy, but it was still too light to attempt her flight—she felt that it would be better to wait until it began to grow dark, so that she would not be seen upon the roof and traced.

She returned to her room and waited for another hour; but she was very nervous and anxious, for Wilhelm might return at any moments, and thus all hope of getting away that day would be destroyed and her trick of turning the key probably discovered.

She dressed herself warmly and tied a veil over her cap, but not over her face, for she knew that she would need to see distinctly, and she made sure that she had her purse, in which, fortunately, there was considerable money, she left her recent prison forever, taking care to lock the door and remove the key, for she meant to give her captors as much trouble as possible before they could discover her flight.

With light but rapid steps and an anxiously beating heart she again mounted the two flights of stairs leading to the roof, and in another minute found herself free, breathing in pure air of heaven once more.

She resolved to get just as far away as possible from the house she had just left, before attempting to make an entrance elsewhere, so she sped lightly over the roofs until she came to the middle of the block.

Here she discovered that an open space separated the two buildings.

"Dare I leap across?" Violet asked herself. "It looks like a very narrow opening, and yet distances are sometimes so deceptive, and if I should miss my footing I should surely be dashed in pieces upon the pavement below."

She crept to the very edge and reached out her hand.

Yes, she could almost touch the opposite roof—the two buildings could not be more than three or four feet apart, where the eaves overhung, though doubtless they were more than that below.

She stood up again, gave a light, swift spring, and was safely over, though the effort and the risk made her so dizzy and weak that she could scarcely see or move for a moment.

She soon recovered herself and went on until she came to the very last scuttle, only to find it down and fastened inside; she had not seen a single one open since coming out.

She did not stop long before deciding what she would do; time was too precious to be wasted, for Sarah must already be on her way back to prepare her supper, and she wished to get out of sight before the search for her should begin.

So she resolutely set her little heel upon pane of glass and crushed it in.

The jingle of glass startled her for a moment, for she feared the sound might bring some one up to ascertain what had caused it. But she would pay for it a dozen times over if need be.

She reached down through the aperture, unfastened the bolt, and lifted the scuttle; then quickly slipping through, she closed it after her and began to descend the narrow flight of stairs, thankful to be under cover and out of sight once more.

(To be Continued.)

Take the Picturesque Erie Railway to New York.

Parties visiting New York should always be careful to have their tickets read via the Erie. They run magnificent through sleepers from Toronto, and attach the finest dining cars in the United States for meals. The Erie is a double-track road from Suspension Bridge to New York. The officials of this great road deserve great credit for the grand service they have given to the people in Canada, and we hope this favorite route will be well patronized.

Low Foreheads.

Here is a gallery of "low foreheads" warranted to astonish the knowing ones who never see virtue except in bald frouts. Look up the portraits of Grant, McClellan, Logan and Sheridan among soldiers; Holmes, Stedman, Howells, Grant White, Curtis, Parton, Twain and Warner among authors; the late Chief Justice Waite and Matthew Arnold among recently deceased notables, and see how the growth of their hair subjects them to be slandered by the shallow pates. On the other hand look at the full face portraits of the average baldheaded man, and see how his affliction glorifies his intellect. When you find a man whose hair grows down over the front of his profile head, while yet leaving it "high" to the eye, you have got hold of a thinker who is also a man of action, such as Beecher, Booth, Ruskin, Lincoln. The dome-shaped fore-head usually marks the idealist, and the square-shaped brow the practical man of affairs and wit.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column" Saturday Night Office.]

Leo.—See Rorie.

Lyall.—See Donovan.

Dechess.—You are probably vivacious, free-hearted, gay, orderly and wilful.

Robin.—Self-esteem, jovialty, generosity, originality, order and self-reliance.

Donovan.—Persistence, reserve, sincerity, and some secretiveness are indicated by your writing.

Stillwatres.—Order, vivacity, industry, self-assertiveness, cordiality and candor are displayed in your writing.

Lotus Flower.—Your writing shows method, generosity, vanity—just a little, Fairy—candor, courage and energy.

Nancy.—You are careless, vain, rather suspicious in nature, a little ostentatious, wilful, kind-hearted and courageous.

Rainbow.—You are indecisive, rather dilatory, very fastidious in your tastes, inclined to be despondent and self-esteeming.

A. W. C.—Your writing indicates romance of feeling, strength of purpose, cordiality, decision, vivacity, self-will and ambition.

Miss Bluebody.—You are energetic, enduring, candid, decisive, orderly, of fastidious tastes and good power of discernment.

Longfellow.—In this writing I notice a tendency to exaggeration, self-esteem, some vanity, indecision and flippancy.

Marcia.—Persistence of will, independence of thought, ambition, an unostentatious nature and generosity are shown in your writing.

Puss—Cats, or the Rough on Rats, will prove efficacious.

Will.—Displays independence, self-reliance, self-esteem, merriment and sincerity.

Ficciola.—Independence of thought, amiability, generosity, self-assertiveness and vivacity are the chief characteristics of your writing.

Maple.—This writing displays extreme caution, obstinacy, a opinion, independence of thought and self-assertion. I am sorry this could not have been answered before, as you are leaving the city, but I only came upon it now.

Fairy Sr.—If she cares for him still and if he loves her—why not! Mistakes are made so often that I would be very charitable if I were you. This writing displays generosity, justice, a persistent will, courage, order and much tenderness, with strong self-will.

Faith.—Pimples are the result of bad health. Freckles are constitutional and can seldom be removed, except, of course, those which come as I go with the sunshine. Writing shows reverence, some temperament, fondness of luxury and display, indecision, mirth and strong self-esteem.

Dora Alexr.—No, the bride provides all of her trousseau and all the wedding outfit. The groom looks after his own little affairs, and finds his hands full, too. 2. Your writing indicates dignancy, impulse, variable temper, mirth, generosity and indecision. Many thanks for your kind words.

Elsa H.—Any of the browns, clear yellow, dark green and delicate pink will be most becoming to you with your hazel eyes, brown hair and clear rosy complexion. Your writing displays some heedlessness, a persistent will, a little selfishness, an ostentatious nature and self-reliance. I shall be pleased to have you write again.

Mother.—Perhaps you were a little too hasty, and yet I can understand your feelings. If you like him I should think you would not object to allowing him a reasonable time. Your writing exhibits a serious temperament, some petulance, much independence of thought, power of endurance. The enclosed indicates some carelessness, activity of mind, strong self-will, a little vanity and perseverance.

Pretty and Saucy, Brantford.—You forgot to number the faces in the photograph, but I shall call the profile No. 1. It displays penetration, tact, modesty, reserve, too much calculation and some selfishness. You are rather quiet in disposition, and perhaps inclined towards despondency. No 2 shows decision, earnestness, energy, self-will, hauteur and perseverance. There is also intuitive judgment stay gir marked.

Ray.—The selection you mention is, I think known under the title, How Ruby Played. You will find it in the Hundred Choice Selection series and I think the number is 100. Your writing shows good executive ability, hasty temper, fondness for luxury, quickness of perception and generosity of hand. Do not try to hurry the world, for it will well. If the flesh is caused by any physical derangement, see a physician. He will probably prescribe outdoor exercise and dressed warmly and tied a veil over her cap, but not over her face, for she knew that she would need to see distinctly, and she made sure that she had her purse, in which, fortunately, there was considerable money, she left her recent prison forever, taking care to lock the door and remove the key, for she meant to give her captors as much trouble as possible before they could discover her flight.

With light but rapid steps and an anxiously beating heart she again mounted the two flights of stairs leading to the roof, and in another minute found herself free, breathing in pure air of heaven once more.

She resolved to get just as far away as possible from the house she had just left, before attempting to make an entrance elsewhere, so she sped lightly over the roofs until she came to the middle of the block.

Here she discovered that an open space separated the two buildings.

"Dare I leap across?" Violet asked herself. "It looks like a very narrow opening, and yet distances are sometimes so deceptive, and if I should miss my footing I should surely be dashed in pieces upon the pavement below."

She crept to the very edge and reached out her hand.

Yes, she could almost touch the opposite roof—the two buildings could not be more than three or four feet apart, where the eaves overhung, though doubtless they were more than that below.

She stood up again, gave a light, swift spring, and was safely over, though the effort and the risk made her so dizzy and weak that she could scarcely see or move for a moment.

She soon recovered herself and went on until she came to the very last scuttle, only to find it down and fastened inside; she had not seen a single one open since coming out.

She did not stop long before deciding what she would do; time was too precious to be wasted, for Sarah must already be on her way back to prepare her supper, and she wished to get out of sight before the search for her should begin.

So she resolutely set her little heel upon pane of glass and crushed it in.

The jingle of glass startled her for a moment, for she feared the sound might bring some one up to ascertain what had caused it. But she would pay for it a dozen times over if need be.

She reached down through the aperture, unfastened the bolt, and lifted the scuttle; then quickly slipping through, she closed it after her and began to descend the narrow flight of stairs, thankful to be under cover and out of sight once more.

(To be Continued.)

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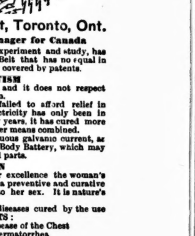

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THE BON MARCHE, 7 AND 9 KING STREET EAST

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Have just received from LIBERTY & CO. five cases of

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Cretonnes, Silks
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Palms, Kus-Kus-Fans, Punkahs
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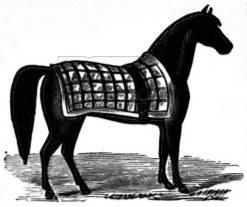

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In the city. Prices from $2.50 to $25 each.

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English Saddles, Bridles and Martingales

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GRAND NATIONAL Hack and Coupe Stables, 108 Mutual St.

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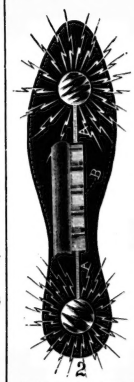
Electric Foot Battery



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In the feet,

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Cold Feet, &c.

The Dorenwend Insole is the only insole in the world containing a battery. All so-called "Electric Insoles" are simply a sole of felt with a strip of zinc and copper fastened to them. Whatever virtue they may possess lies in the felt; there is no electrical effect whatever. The Dorenwend Insole is an actual Electric Foot Battery, producing a current that can be regulated or reversed. It is no thicker than a standard insole; it is flexible, and can be worn with perfect comfort.

It is in perfect harmony with the Dorenwend Belt, viz.:

THE WORLD'S BEST

Send for book on home treatment and particulars of appliances for the electrical treatment of all forms of disease, and mention this paper.

THE DORENWEND

Electric Belt and Attachment Co.

103 Yonge Street, Toronto

C. H. DORENWEND, Electrician.

Our stock of Overcoats for Children and Boys is the most complete and varied in the city. Overcoats of many fabrics, shades and styles, all well-made, perfect-fitting garments, and warranted to look well in the critical eyes of any mother who takes a pride in dressing her boys. The prices are the most moderate. When he wants his Winter Suit and Overcoat remember the money-saving place,

The Model Clothing Store

219 and 221 Yonge Street

FINE TAILORING

I have just received a full assortment of all the latest novelties in Suitings, Trouserings, Overcoatings, etc., purchased from the best markets for the Fall trade. Gentlemen requiring a first-class, perfect-fitting Suit or Overcoat, should not fail to call on

JOHN J. TONKIN

COR. YONGE & RICHMOND, TORONTO.

THE OVERCOAT for to-day, to be entirely acceptable, must show brains and talent in the get up. It must be meritorious in quality---with an air of luxury---at the same time moderate in price. We believe ours fill the bill. You should see them. Made to Measure Department is filled with the Best Quality Cloths. Now is the best time to order.

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Men's Clothier 522 Queen St. West

Special Sale of Ulsters

20 PER CENT. DISCOUNT

To effect a speedy clearance of our stock of

Ulsters, Redingotes and Newmarkets

We offer a Special Discount of 20 Per Cent. for Cash

THESE GOODS ARE ALL NEW

Consequently this will be an opportunity no lady should miss

SILK PLUSH JACKETS, SPECIAL, $15

R. WALKER & SONS

33, 35 and 37 King Street East; 18, 20 and 22 Colborne Street

Copies of the Christmas Number of SATURDAY NIGHT will be forwarded postpaid to any address received by the Sheppard Publishing Company, enclosed in a pasteboard tube, price 50 cents. Send in your address at once as the supply is almost exhausted.

Undoubtedly the largest assortment of the very latest things in Christmas novelties, perfumes and toilet requisites may be seen at Bingham's Pharmacy, 100 Yonge street.

Misses E. and H. Johnston have now in stock an elegantly fitting corset, manufactured especially for them, and carrying out in its fashioning the correct idea of perfection in fit. All figures can be exactly suited.

Traveling.

Among its many other distinctions the latter part of the nineteenth century may be aptly termed the age of travel. Thirty years ago a journey from New York to San Francisco meant a tedious voyage around Cape Horn, across the Isthmus, or a still more trying and uncomfortable voyage in a "prairie clipper." Now it has dwindled down to a mere five-day's existence in a sumptuous palace car, in which no element of discomfort is allowed to enter to mar the pleasure of the tourist. An experienced and discriminating traveler is to be distinguished by his dress just as readily as is the correct dressed person in any other social channel. The traveler's overcoat should be a single or double breasted ulster with a cape or capor, broad collar. It should be provided with a tab for buttoning it snugly about the throat when leaving the heated atmosphere of the car in cold weather. The cape or capot should be made detachable by means of buttons beneath the collar. The material used in such garments are of the Scotch cheviot makes, in plaids or diagonals, which make a very handsome garment. Having on hand a most desirable line of these goods, I would ask your inspection before purchasing elsewhere. Elegance and fine workmanship, combined with moderation in prices. The fashionable West End tailor, Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto.

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SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 604 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 258 Bathurst Street.

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Court House, Adelaide Street
and 146 Carlton Street

FLORAL
Bingham's
PERFUMES
100 Yonge St. Toronto.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

DUGGAN—At Toronto, on December 7, Mrs. E. H. Duggan—a daughter.
DENISON—At Orangeville, on December 2, Mrs. R F Denison—a daughter.
FISHER—At Toronto, on December 2, Mrs. W. M Fisher—a Winnipeg—a son.
HUTTON—At Toronto, on December 6, Mrs. Maurice Hutton—a daughter.
JACKES—At Toronto, on November 5, Mrs. E. H. Jackes—a son.
NURSE—At Humber Bay, Ont., on December 5, Mrs. Charles Nurse, jr.—a son
BISHOP—At Toronto, on December 7, Mrs. C H. Bishop—a daughter.
DENTON—At Toronto, on December 8, Mrs. Frank Denton—a daughter
HANNAH—At Toronto, on December 8, Mrs. W. G. Hannah—a daughter.
CLARK—At Toronto, on December 6, Mrs. A D. Clark—a daughter.
PIPER—At Toronto, on December 6, Mrs Hiram Piper—a daughter.
HARTT—At Toronto, on November 25, Mrs. C. L. Hartt of St. Louis—a son.

Marriages.

ALFORD—CARLISLE—At Toronto, on December 10, Harry A V. Alford of Brooklyn, N Y., to Fannie Carlisle.
MOWAT—CLARK—At Toronto, on December 10, Maxwell M. Mowat of New Westminster, B.C., to Lilian A. Clark
YORES—WAINWRIGHT—At Orillia, on December 3, J. L. Yorke of Toronto to Emma Wainwright.
BARRATT—SAUNDERS—At Toronto, on December 4 Charles W M Barrett of Lethbridge, N W T., to Emma Saunders.
INGERSOLL—HALL—At Woodstock, on December 3, John McNab Ingersoll of Brockville to Lizzie E. Hall.

Deaths.

CROSSEN—At Montreal, on December 9, James Crossen, aged 65 years.
WHITE—At Toronto, on December 10, youngest son of R. H. White, aged 1 year
MORRIS—At Toronto, James Henry Morris, M.A., Q.C., aged 59 years.
GRAFTON—At Dundas, on December 10, Mrs. Margaret Beatty Grafton, aged 83 years.
McGREGOR—At North Onfario, Cal., on December 5, John G. McGregor, aged 55 years.
GRAHAM—At Hamilton, on December 5, Mrs. David Graham.
BELL—On December 7, infant son of Charles H. and Anna Louise Bell, aged 7 months.
WALKEM—at Kingston, on December 7, Cadet Walter C. A. Walkem, R. M. College, aged 19 years.
STRICKLAND—At Galt, on December 7, W. E. Strickland, aged 28 years.
HENDERSON—At Kingston, on December 7, James Alexander Henderson, D.C.L., Q.C., aged 59 years.
COOKE—At Toronto, on December 7, youngest son of William Cooke, aged 3 years.
BARTLETT—At Capitola, Cal., on December 7, Mrs. T. H. M. Bartlett.
FEE—At Toronto, eldest son of Joseph and Caro. Fee, aged 2 years.
SUTTON—At Toronto, on December 8, Mrs. R. T. Sutton, aged 36 years.
CLARK—At Toronto, on December 7, Mrs. Samuel B. Clark, aged 55 years.
CONNOLLY—At Balsover, on November 28, William J. Connolly.
McFARLAND—At Lambton Mills, on December 8, Mrs. W. G. McFarland, aged 30 years.
WISHART—At Madoc, on December 6 Mrs. D. Wishart.
WALDBROOK—At Oakville, on December 3, Sabrook Waldbrook, aged 33 years
NEILL—At Toronto, on December 8, Agnes Neill, aged 78 years.
SHEPHERD—At Hamilton, on December 7, Francis Shepherd, aged 71 years.
PETTIT—At Trafalgar, Mary Harriet Pettit, aged 46 years.
WELLS—At Toronto, on December 7, Joseph Wells, aged 7 years.

WM. MILLS, L.D.S., D.D.S, Dentist
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The method used in voice-building is that of the old Italians, the object of which is to obtain pure and beautiful singing. Mr. Mull, formerly a pupil of Signor Barili, brother and teacher of the famous *prima donna* Adelina nd Carlotta Patti.
VOICE TESTED FREE OF CHARGE.
Room 20, new building corner of Yonge and Gerrard Sts.

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HARRY WEBB'S
FOR ESTIMATES FOR
Dinners
At Homes
Weddings
Banquets
Ball Suppers
Receptions, etc.
EVERY MINUTIE
66-68 and 447 Yonge St., Toronto

$23.50
We are selling a
BEDROOM SUITE
with Bevel, British MIRROR PLATE, square or circular, beautifully finished in ANTIQUE for above price.
You should secure one of those plums.
R. POTTER & CO.
Cor. Queen and Portland Sts.
Telephone 1384

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

Winter Gloves, Hosiery and Underwear

Special Low Prices During This Month

Ladies' Cashmere Gloves, at 10c., 12½c., 15c., 20c and 25c., full lengths.
Ladies' Fleece Lined Taffeta Gloves, at 25c, worth 40c.
Ladies' Lined Kids in dark shades, at 75c. and $1. worth $1 and $1 25.
Ladies' Knitted Wool Mitts, at 20c., 25c and 30c
Children's and Boys' Knitted Mitts, at from 20c., and Lined Kid Mitts, with fur tops, at 50c worth 75c
Men's Knitted Wool Gloves, at 25c., 30c. and 35c.
Men's Fine Lined Gloves in Kid, Napa, Buck Antelope and Calf. Unlined in Kid, Dog, Napa, Kangaroo, &c, at lowest prices.

HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR

Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose, at 20c., 25c. and 30c per pair.
$1 will buy 5 pairs of our extra quality with double heels, or 3 pairs Black Ribbed Cashmere Hose.
Misses Black Cashmere Hose, at from 30c. per pair. Boys Heavy Ribbed Cashmere Hose (special order) with double heels, toes and knees at from 25c. to 35c per pair.
Ladies' Fine Natural and White Wool Vests (fashioned) with short sleeves at 75c. or long sleeves at $1 Scotch Shetland Lambs' Wool Vests, at 75c. $1 and $1 25.
$1 will buy a Suit of Men's Heavy Wool Underwear, worth $1 50.
$1 50 will buy a Suit of Men's Scotch Shetland Lamb's Wool Underwear, worth $2, at

R. SIMPSON'S
S. W. Corner Yonge and Queen

DIAMONDS.

RING
BROOCH
EARRING
ETC.

Having made our purchase before the increase in price, and being under LIGHT EXPENSE, are in a position to sell you Diamonds at a closer price than any other house in the city. Note prices in the window.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

COAL—Very finest qualities in the market of Egg, Grate, Stove, Chestnut and Soft Coal.
WOOD—Hard and Soft. All kinds constantly on hand.

100 Bundles Specially Prepared Kiln-Dried Kindling for $1

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Fashionable Furriers

Short Sealskin Jackets
Long Sealskin Coats
Sealskin Dolmans
Fur-lined Overcoats
Fur-lined Circulars
Seal and Persian Lamb Capes

FUR GLOVES, FUR MATS, ROBES, Etc.

J. & J. LUGSDIN
Manufacturers - - 101 Yonge Street

A full line of the leading English and American Silk and Felt Hats always in stock. A large consignment of Lincoln & Bennett's celebrated London Hats just arrived. Our new Illustrated Catalogue just out. Call or send for one.

Extensive Alteration Sale

The Golden Crown, Yonge Street

The proprietors, having completed arrangements for extensive alterations to their premises, find themselves forced to unload about

$10,000.00

Ten thousand dollars' worth of Dress Goods, Millinery, Mantles, Mantle Cloths, Velvets, Plushes, Hosiery, Gloves, Ladies' Underclothing, Corsets, etc., before January 1.

A GREAT LOSS

To do this means a great loss to us, but it is a satisfaction to us to know that our customers will be the gainers.

A GENERAL SLAUGHTER

We have gone through each department and made a general slaughter of prices in many cases away below wholesale price.

NOT SATISFIED

With the great reduction already made, we make a still further

GRAND OFFER

Of One Dollar off every Five Dollar Purchase from now to January 1, 1891.
All goods marked in plain figures. An inspection cordially invited.

MacLEAN & MITCHELL, 240 and 242 Yonge Street

THE ALLIANCE
BOND AND INVESTMENT COMPANY
OF ONTARIO, Limited
INCORPORATED FEBRUARY 27, 1890

Capital, $1,000,000 Subscribed, $500,000

General Offices: 27 and 29 Wellington Street East, Toronto

President, W. Stone; Vice-Presidents, James Swift, Kingston; T. K. Holmes, M.D., Chatham; Manager, A. H. Gilbert; Cashier, Harry Vigeon; Solicitors, McPherson, Clark & Jarvis

The Company issue Bonds guaranteed to the face value. These Bonds are for amounts from $100, and can be bought for any number of years from five upwards.
These Bonds are payable by instalment, and the investor obtains guaranteed compound interest, at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, not average but protected by a sinking fund invested in first-class real estate mortgages.
This Company is empowered by its charter to act as Administrator, Receivers, Trustees, Assignees, Liquidators and Agents under appointment by the Courts or individuals. Having special facilities for the winding up of estates, the Assignee branch of its business is solicited.
Being a responsible financial company, creditors can depend on prompt settlements and quick winding up of any estates they may entrust to the Company.

The Alliance Bond and Investment Company of Ontario (Limited)
Assignees, Administrators and Financial Agents
27 and 29 Wellington Street East - - - Toronto

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MANUFACTURERS OF
PIANOFORTES
GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano

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COAL
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